TV COMIC

annual

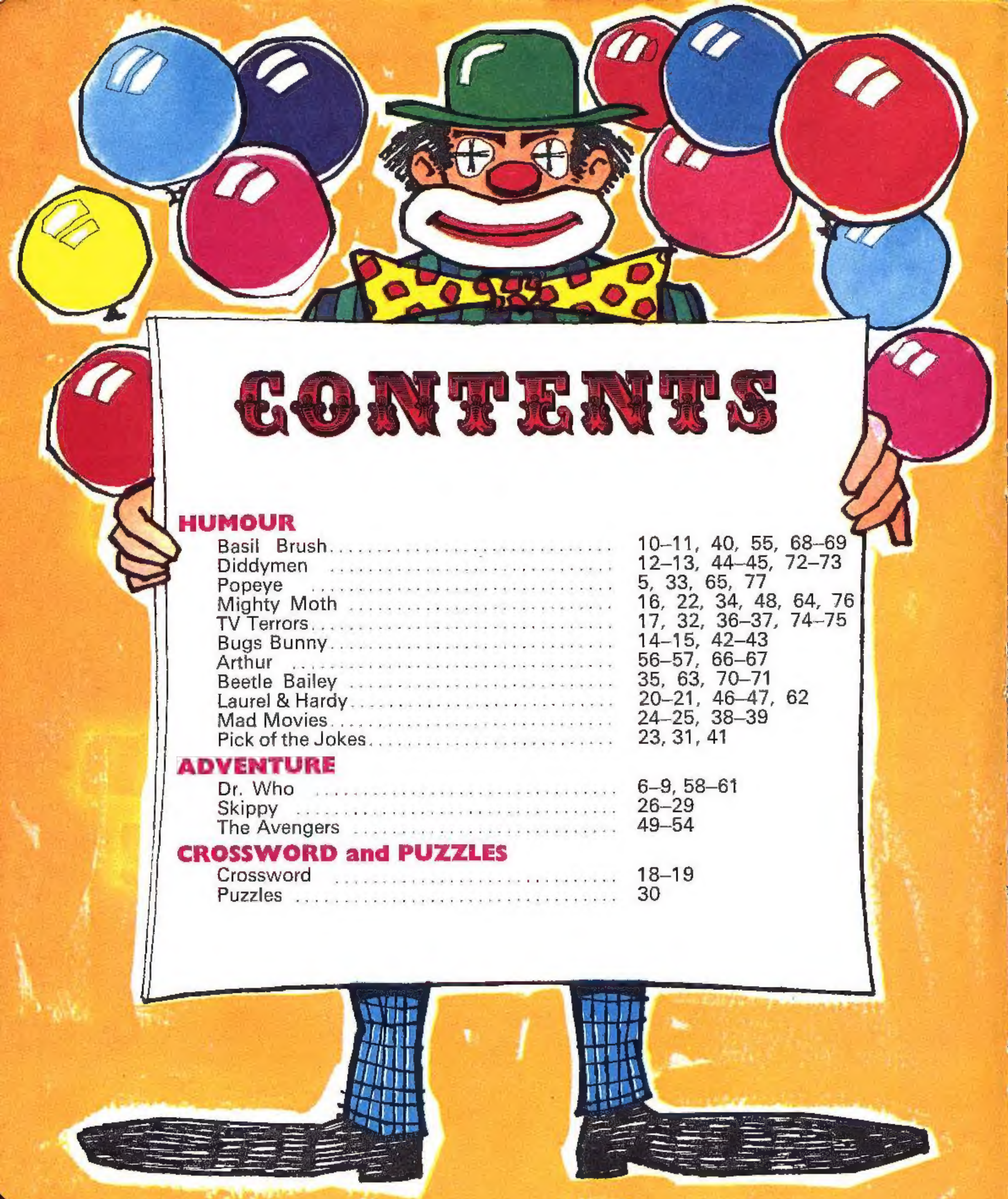
TV COMIC ANNUAL

1970

DON'T DO IT, TICH!

TICH IS ABOUT TO LAUNCH QUACKERS INTO SPACE IN HIS HOME MADE ROCKET. TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TURN TO THE INSIDE BACK COVER.

TICH'S ROCKET



CONTENTS

HUMOUR

Basil Brush	10–11, 40, 55, 68–69
Diddymen	12–13, 44–45, 72–73
Popeye	5, 33, 65, 77
Mighty Moth	16, 22, 34, 48, 64, 76
TV Terrors	17, 32, 36–37, 74–75
Bugs Bunny	14–15, 42–43
Arthur	56–57, 66–67
Beetle Bailey	35, 63, 70–71
Laurel & Hardy	20–21, 46–47, 62
Mad Movies	24–25, 38–39
Pick of the Jokes	23, 31, 41

ADVENTURE

Dr. Who	6–9, 58–61
Skippy	26–29
The Avengers	49–54

CROSSWORD and PUZZLES

Crossword	18–19
Puzzles	30

Published for the proprietors by Polystyle Publications Ltd., Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.
Trade distributors: The Argus Press Ltd., 12–18 Paul Street, London, E.C.2.
Made and printed in Great Britain by Purnell and Sons Ltd., Paulton (Somerset) and London.

© Polystyle Publications 1969.

10/6

POPEYE

THAT OLD SIDEBOARD MAKES THIS ROOM LOOK LIKE A *PIG-STY!*

HMM! LOOKS OKAY T' ME!

WELL ANYWAY I'VE ORDERED A NEW ONE... IT'S BEING DELIVERED THIS AFTERNOON!

THAT AFTERNOON...

'FRAID YER NEW SIDEBOARD IS TOO WIDE TO GO THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR, LADY!

THAT'S OKAY! YOU LEAVE IT THERE! POPEYE WILL THINK OF A WAY TO GET IT INSIDE!

SO...

WON'T IT GO THROUGH THE WINDOW?

NOPE... BUT LEAVE IT T' ME OLIVE! I'LL GET IT IN SOMEHOW!

A LITTLE LATER...

HMM! DON'T SUPPOSE IT'D GO DOWN THE CHIMNEY...

... THIS REALLY IS RIDIKULUS!

SOME TIME LATER...

THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER TO THIS PROBLEM!

GARGLE GARGLE

SPINACH

HERE GOES!

BAAM!!

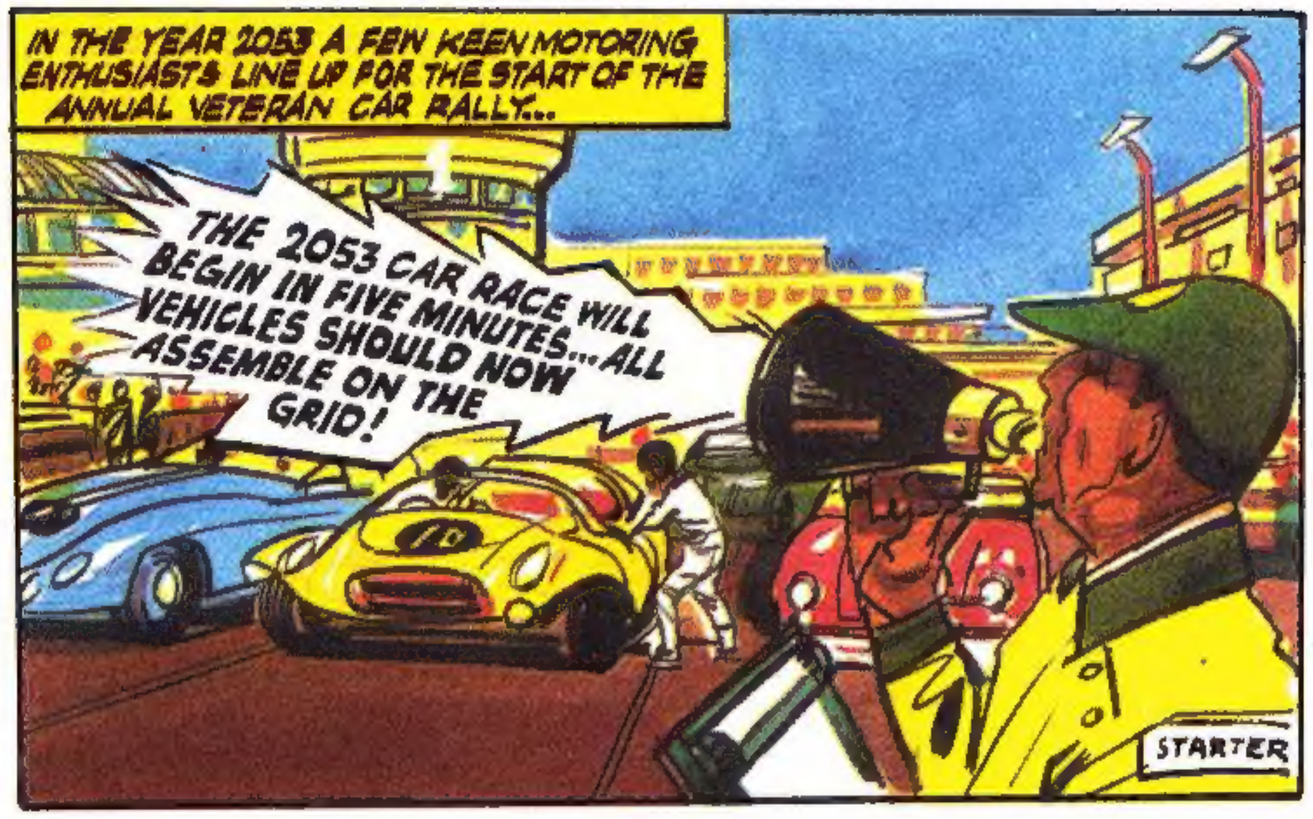
I THINK MAYBE YOU WERE RIGHT, OLIVE... THE NEW SIDEBOARD SURE MAKES A DIFFERENCE TO THE ROOM!

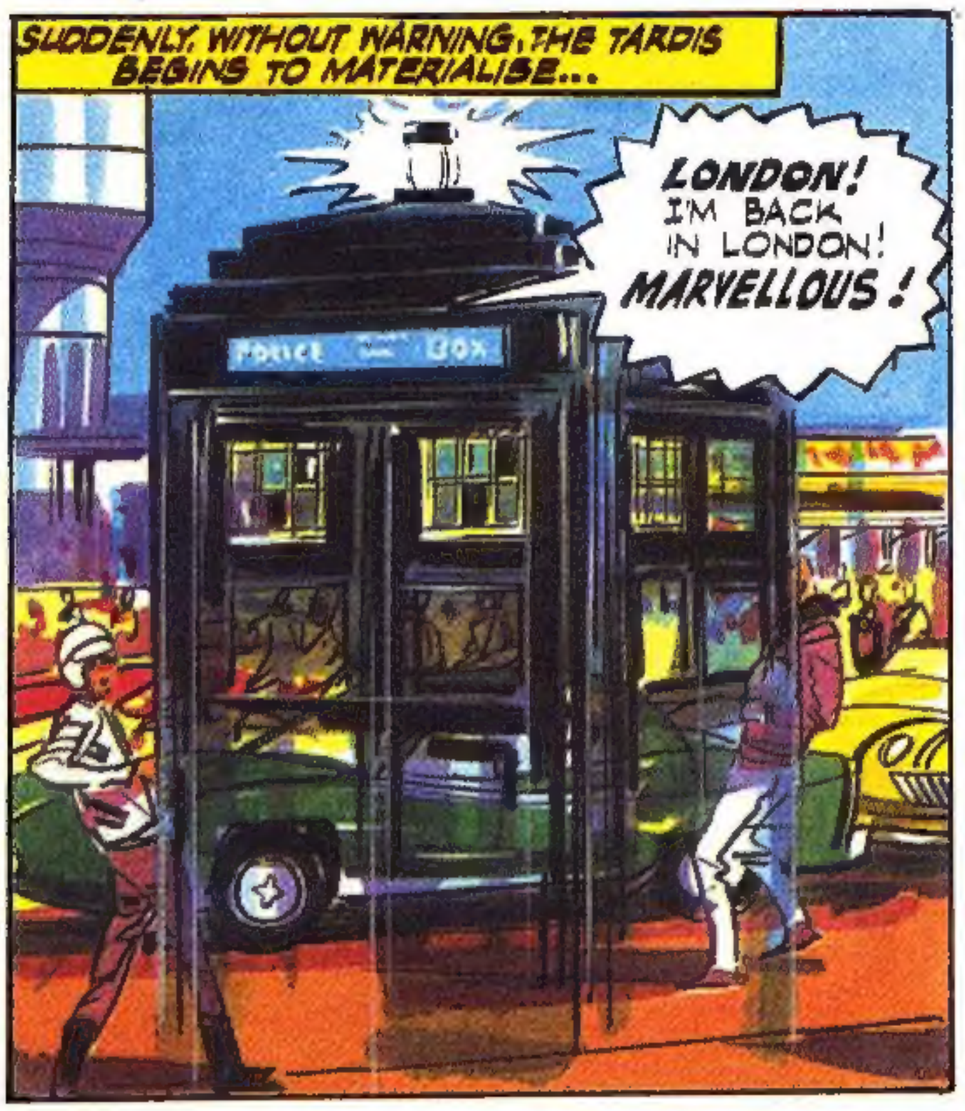
FUME!

BAH!

© 1969, King Features Syndicate Inc.

DOCTOR WHO


IN THE YEAR 2053 A FEW KEEN MOTORING ENTHUSIASTS LINE UP FOR THE START OF THE ANNUAL VETERAN CAR RALLY...
THE 2053 CAR RACE WILL BEGIN IN FIVE MINUTES... ALL VEHICLES SHOULD NOW ASSEMBLE ON THE GRID!
STARTER



WHILE THE MOTORING ENTHUSIASTS GAWK AT THE TARDIS... DR. WHO TAKES A LOOK AT THEIR VEHICLES...
WHAT A STRANGE CONTRAPTION. MOST INTERESTING!
QUITE AMAZING!
WHAT A LOVELY COLLECTION OF OLD BANGERS!

MINUTES LATER...
HOW'S THAT?..I JUST GAVE YOUR AUTOMATIC FUEL PUMP A TAP!
MAGNIFICENT! I'M JUST IN TIME FOR THE START OF THE RACE!
12
31

© BBC TV 1969

BLATT!

B-R-O-O-O-M

MIND IF I JOIN YOU? THEY SAY THIS RALLY IS GREAT FUN!

V-ROOM-M-M-M-

PROUD TO HAVE YOU ABOARD! YOUR SKILLS WILL COME IN HANDY IF I BREAK DOWN!

SPACE CRAFT FROM ALL OVER THE UNIVERSE HAVE GATHERED IN THE SKY ABOVE LONDON TO FOLLOW THE HISTORIC RACE...

NOT ALL THE VISITORS ARE FRIENDLY...

THERE...! IN THAT VEHICLE... OUR ARCH-ENEMY, DR. WHO!

FATE HAS SMILED ON US... WE MUST TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO KILL HIM!

THE QUARK CRAFT SPEEDS AHEAD OF THE CARS...

THERE ARE TOO MANY SPACE SHIPS IN THE AREA TO RISK AN AERIAL ATTACK ON THE CAR! CARRY OUT YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!

I WILL NOT F-A-I-L YOU!

A LITTLE LATER AN A.A. PATROL-MAN GETS A SURPRISE...

SKREECH

YOU WILL PULL OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD!

WHAT ON EARTH?

WHEN DR. WHO'S CAR PASSES BY...

FOLLOW THAT C-A-R IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!

A.A. HIGHWAY PATROL NO.17

I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY... JUST D-DON'T POINT THAT RAY THING AT ME!

THERE'S AN A.A. MAN COMING UP BEHIND!

WOULD YOU MIND PULLING OVER?

A.P. HIGHWAY PATROL NO.17

12

HEY! DON'T YOU KNOW WE'RE IN AN IMPORTANT RACE?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY STOPPING ME?...YOU'D BETTER HAVE A GOOD REASON!

HIGHWAY

A RAY GUN!

THAT'LL HOLD YOU FOR HALF A MINUTE. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE FAST!

DR. WHO ULTILIZES A HEAVY SPANNER...

...AS YOU SAY, MY FRIEND! AS YOU SAY!

SLAM!

STEP ON IT...THE ROBOT IN THAT SIDE CAR WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO KILL US BOTH!

VEROOO...

A-F-T-E-R THEM!

CRACK!

WE'RE HIT... MUSTA MISSED THE PETROL TANK BY INCHES!

12

TAKE THE CAR JUST OFF THE ROAD PAST THAT PYLON...I'M GOING TO JUMP OUT!

YOU'RE WHAT?

KEEP DRIVING AND WIN THE RACE... I CAN HANDLE OUR PURSUERS!

B-BUT DOCTOR!

NEXT INSTANT A QUARK RAY AIMED AT DR. WHO SEVERS ONE OF THE PYLON'S LEGS...

CRACK

THE METAL MONSTER CRASHES DOWN LIKE A FELLED TREE.

FLASH!

AWK!

A.A. HIGHWAY PATROL

AND THE QUARK EMITS ITS DEATH RATTLE...

THE DOCTOR IS SOON ON THE SPOT...

ARE YOU OKAY?

I-I THINK SO... BUT IT'S A MIRACLE!

WHILE SALVAGE VEHICLES CLEAR AWAY THE WRECKAGE DR. WHO BEGINS HITCH-HIKING TO BRIGHTON.

NOTHING MORE I CAN DO... I'LL HEAD FOR BRIGHTON AND FIND OUT WHO WON THE OLD CROCK RACE

LATER, IN BRIGHTON...

I KNEW YOU'D WIN! CONGRATULATIONS!

HURRAH!

I'D NEVER HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT THAT QUARK ON MY TAIL, DOCTOR!

BASIL BRUSH

CHUMMERS IS PLAYING WITH HIS MODEL PLANE...

WITH MY RADIO CONTROL UNIT I CAN MAKE MY PLANE DO WHAT I LIKE! *HE! HE!*

JUST THEN

GET THE CAR OUT, CHUMMERS. I'VE BEEN ASKED TO PLAY IN THE *GENTS VERSUS RIFF RAFF* MATCH AT THE LOCAL SOCCER GROUND!

HUH! THAT'S PUT AN END TO MY FLYING FUN!

LATER, AT THE FOOTBALL GROUND...

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, CAPTAIN. I'VE COME TO PLAY FOR YOUR *GENTS* TEAM!

JOLLY GOOD SHOW, OLD CHAP... *WHERE'S YOUR KIT?*

MY VALET HAS MY GEAR!

I SAY, MOST IMPRESSIVE... GET CHANGED THEN AND JOIN US ON THE PITCH!

THE MATCH IS SOON UNDERWAY...

OUTTA MY WAY, GENT!

DEAR ME, I'M NOT THE PLAYER I USED TO BE!

GOAL! HURRAH FOR THE RIFF RAFF!

BAH!

BAH!

AT HALF TIME...

CHUMMERS HAS A PLAN...

WHILE NOBODY'S LOOKING I'LL TAKE THE MINI-RECEIVER OUT OF MY MODEL PLANE!

THIS IS MOST EMBARRASSING, CHUMMERS... WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THE *RIFF RAFF!* THEY'RE TWO-NIL UP ALREADY!

... AND SLIP IT INSIDE THE FOOTBALL'S CASING! TE! HE!

LUCKY IT'S ONE OF THE OLD FASHIONED "LACE-UP" BALLS NOT THEY'RE USING!

THE SECOND HALF BEGINS...

I'LL TRY FOR A GOAL!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

BAH! HE'S TAKEN POSSESSION OF THE BALL!

POOR OLD GUY... BUT I'LL GET THE BALL BACK FOR HIM WITH A TWIST OF MY RADIO DIAL!

WOW! IT'S COME BACK TO ME!

EH?

BASIL HAS AN OPEN GOAL BEFORE HIM... HE SHOOTS...

...AND MISSES...

OH, NO! WHAT A ROTTEN SHOT!

HAW! HAW! HAW!

HERE WE GO AGAIN... I'D BETTER HELP THE GUY OUT!

FINALLY BASIL SCORES...

EH?

THAT'S DONE IT!

INCREDIBLE! IT'S TWISTED INTO THE NET!

WHAT A GOAL!

TEN GOALS LATER-AT THE END OF THE GAME...

WE BEAT THEM 10-2... I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW I SCORED ALL THOSE GOALS!

I THINK I DO, GUV... TE! HE! HE!

Ken Dodd's Diddymen

I'LL BE GLAD TO GET OUT OF THE COLD! BRRR!

M-ME TOO!

Diddy Doss House For down and Out Diddymen

YIKE! IT'S J-JUST AS C-COLD IN HERE!

OCH, Y-YOU'D THINK THEY'D REPAIR THIS DOSS HOUSE!

CAN'T WAIT TO TAKE THE WEIGHT OFF ME FEET!

AAARGH! NO MATTRESS!

BARE BOARDS

IF THEY DON'T FILL IN THOSE HOLES SOON ONE OF US TRAMPS S GONNA GET RUN OVER!

FINALLY IT RAINS...

WHAT A PLACE!

MEANWHILE ACROSS THE STREET...

COME ON, PONSONBY OLD CHAP... THE DE POSH IS THE ONLY PLACE GOOD ENOUGH, FOR MILLIONAIRES LIKE US!

DIDDY HOTEL DE POSH

LATER, INSIDE...

GREW! THE CENTRAL HEATING IN HERE IS GRILLING ME!

PHEW!

THESE BEDS ARE SO COMFY THEY SWALLOW YOU... I CAN'T GET ANY AIR!

NEXT DAY...

PHEW! WHAT A RELIEF TO GET OUT OF THAT PLACE!

MINUTES LATER...

HMMM! THIS LOOKS LIKE A NICE, WELL VENTILATED ESTABLISHMENT! THINK I'LL BOOK IN HERE FOR TONIGHT!

SO... AH! THIS IS MORE LIKE IT... NICE FRESH, HEALTHY A.R AND A GOOD SOLID BED!

HUH! THEY'VE G VEN H.M MY BED BECAUSE HES PAID TEN POUNDS TO STAY HERE TONIGHT.

IN THE MORNING...

(GASP!) JUST LOOK AT PONSONBY... ONE NIGHT IN THAT DOSS HOUSE HAS MADE A NEW MAN OUT OF HIM!

RECKON WE SHOULD TRY IT!

WE'LL PAY TEN POUNDS EACH FOR TWO OF YOUR BEDS!

I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS WE LL BE KICKED OUT!

OUT YOU GO! I'VE CUSTOMERS WHO CAN AFFORD TO PAY MORE THAN YOU LOT!

BAH! ALL MY MILLIONAIRE CUSTOMERS WALKED OUT TODAY... I'LL GO BROKE IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING DRASTIC!

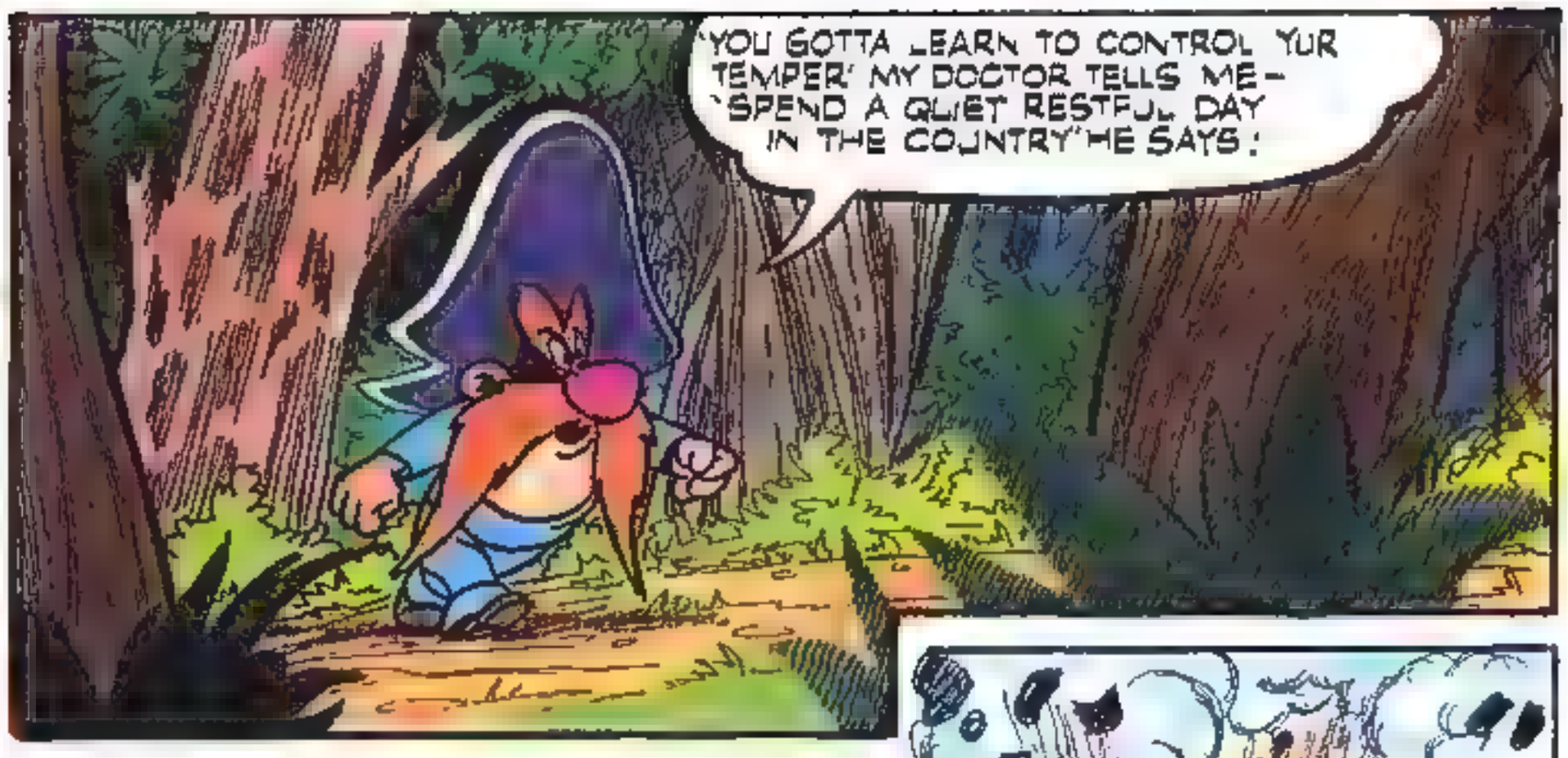
THE DE POSH

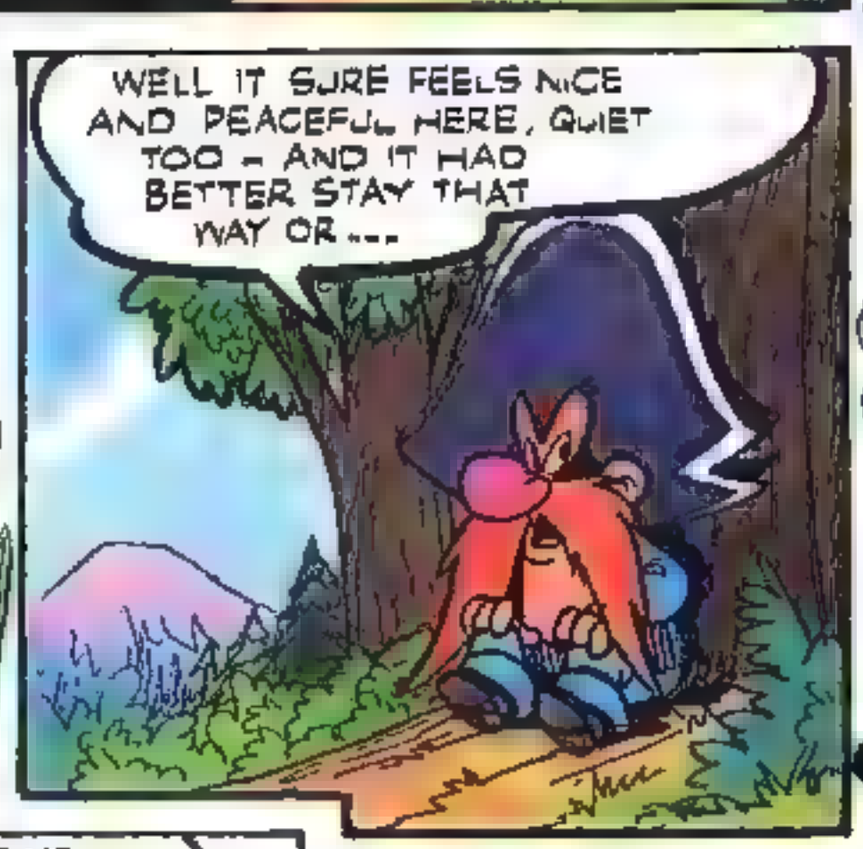
OH, BOY! LOOK AT THIS, LADS... TWO BOB A NIGHT! RECKON THIS LL BE THE SWANKIEST DOSS HOUSE WE'VE EVER SLEPT IN!

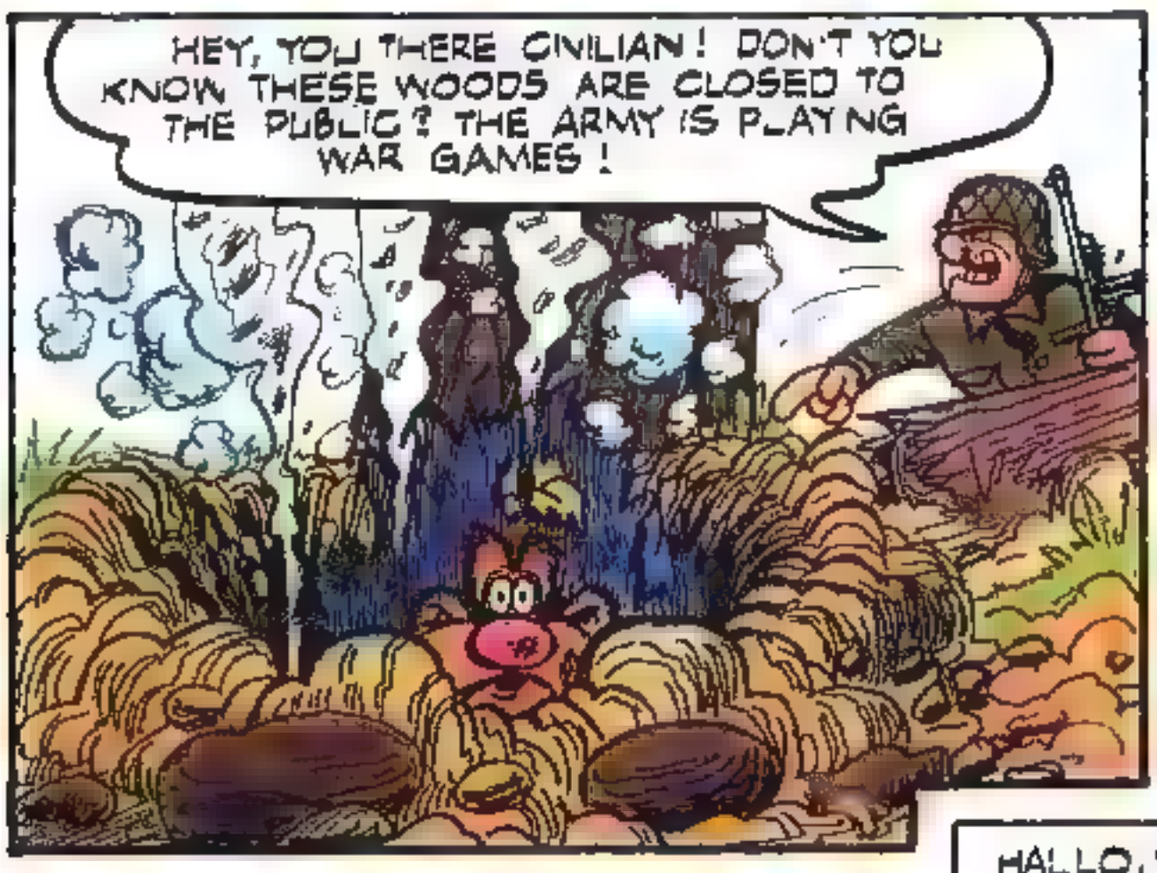
SPECIAL RATE FOR TRAMPS 2/- A NIGHT

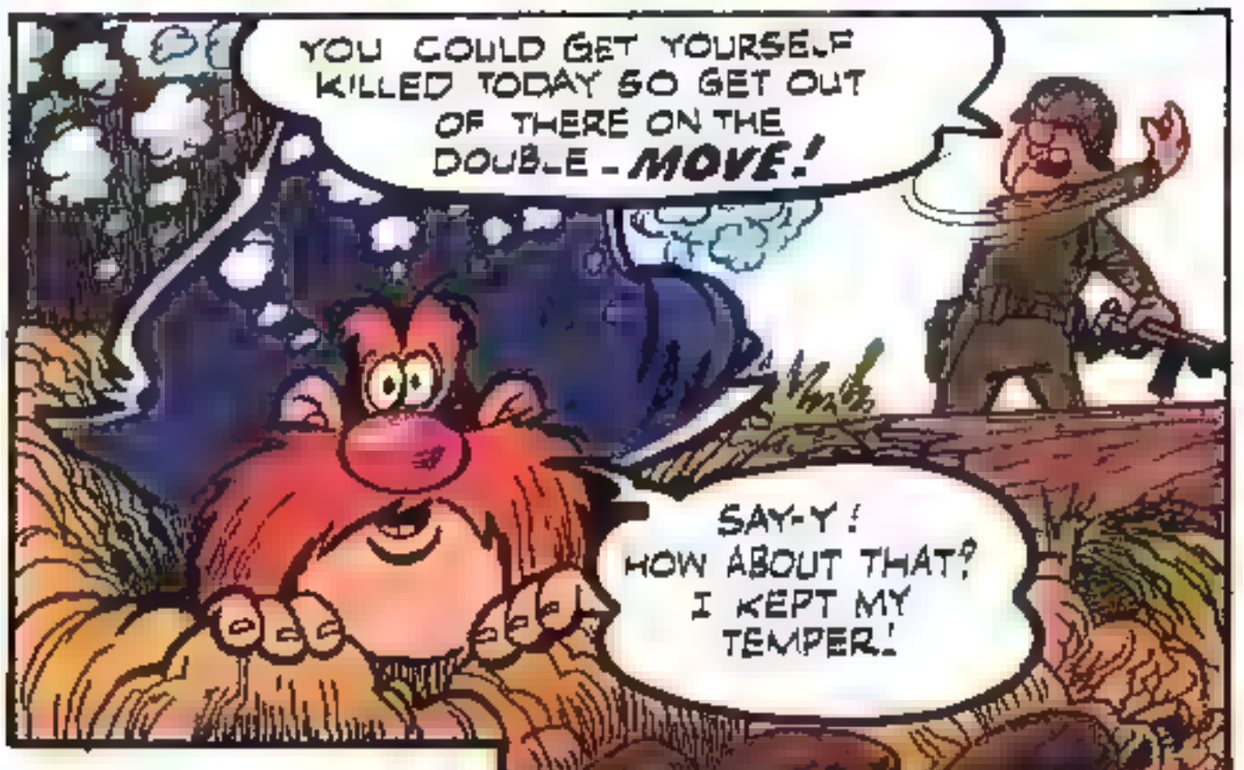
YOU COULD SAY IT'S A TOFF HOUSE! HA! HA! HA!

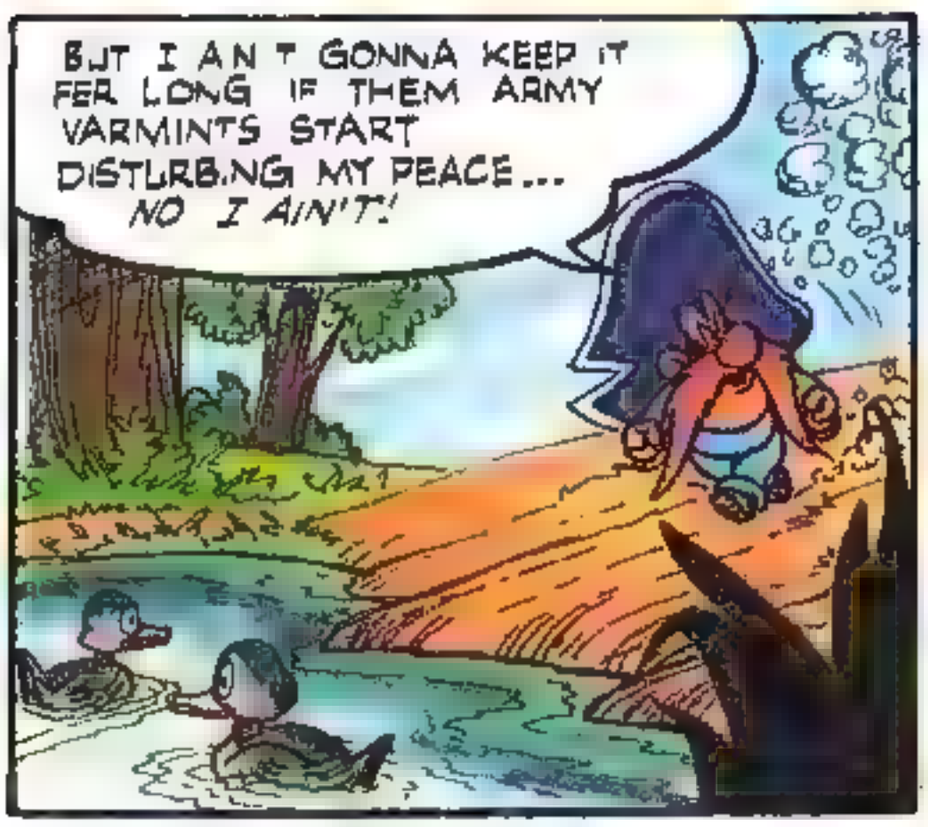
The Bugs Bunny show

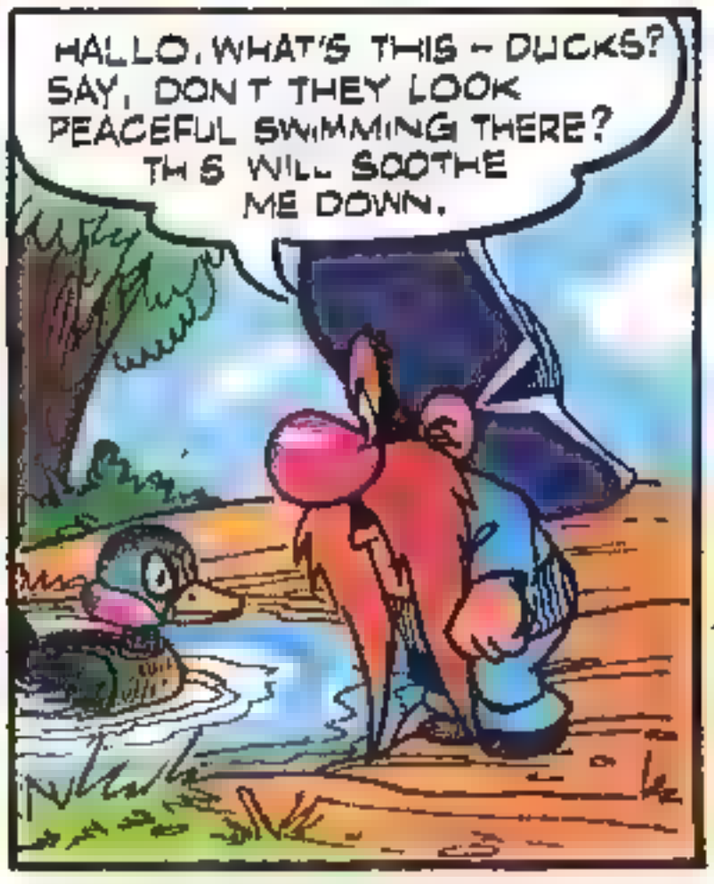












Copyright © 1969 Warner Bros-Seven Arts Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc. Racine, Wisconsin U S A.

WHAT'S WRONG, LIEUTENANT?

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A CIVILIAN SPY SPYING ON US, SIR!

A SPY, EH- RIGHT, I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH HIM- GO BY THE BOOK, MEN- SHOOT HIM!

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE! THAT DOES IT! ***THAT*** REALLY DOES IT!

BLAST

BAM

'GO AND SPEND A DAY IN THE COUNTRY' MY DOC SAID - 'WHOSE COUNTRY' I SAID?

BAM!

BANG

BLAST!

MINE! THAT'S WHOSE.

SPRING

QUICK MEN, SUBMERGE AND RETURN TO BASE!

IF I'M GONNA KEEP MY COOL THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT AND THAT'S GO BACK AND GET RID OF ALL THEM ARMY CRITTERS!

SO...

RETREAT MEN. WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED! MOVE!

BLAM

BLAST

POW

LATER...

HEY SAM, YOU KNOW YOUR TROUBLE? YOU'RE TOO EMOTIONAL- YOU OUGHT TO LEARN TO RELAX AND TAKE IT EASY.

THERE! THAT'S CLEARED THE WOODS OF THE INTERFERING CRITTERS!

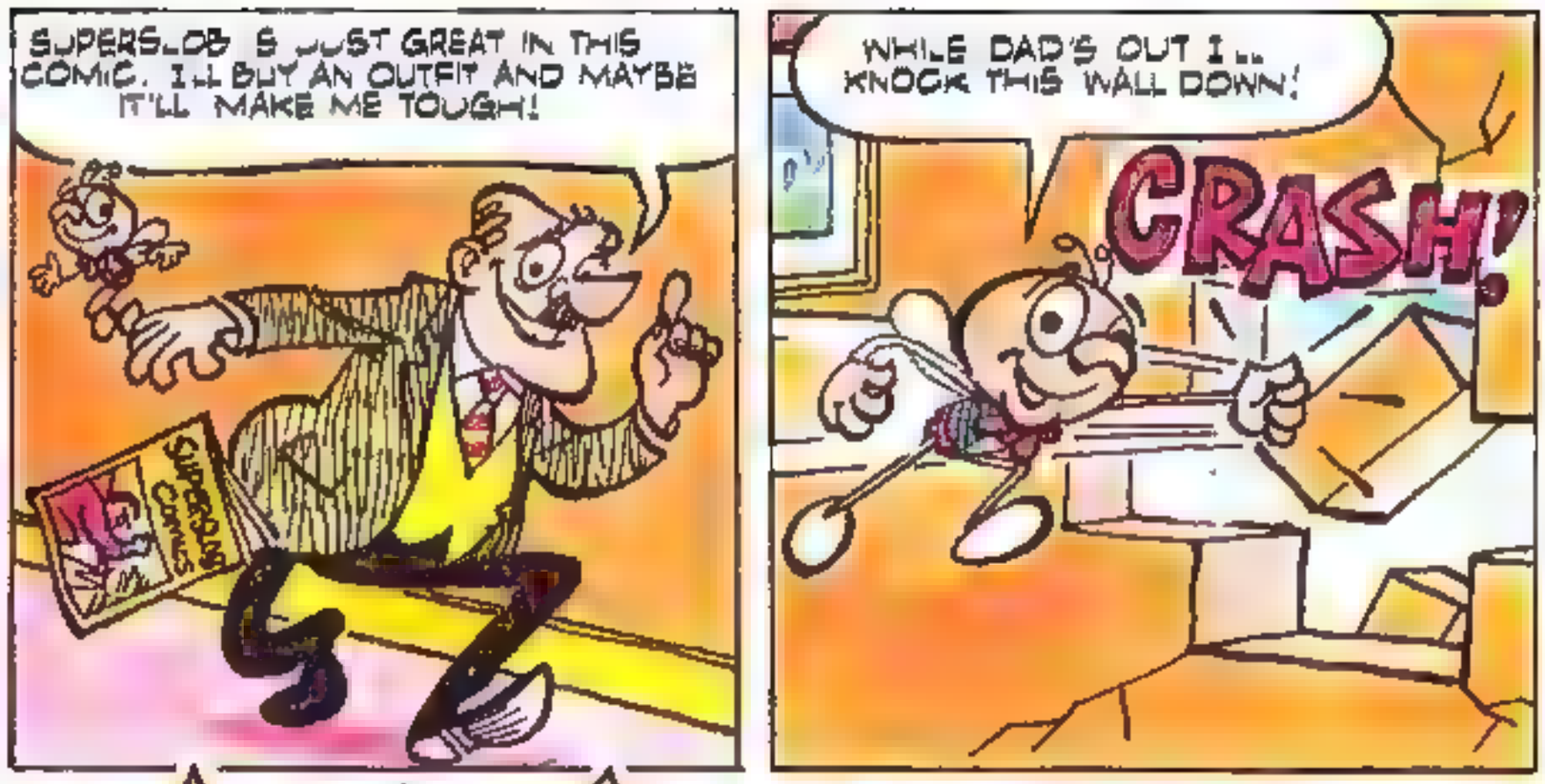
WHY DON'T YOU SPEND MORE TIME OUT HERE IN THE COUNTRY WHERE IT'S CALM AND PEACEFUL AND...

BLAST

HEY, SAM, WAIT A MINUTE - TELL ME SOMETHING - WHAT DID I DO WRONG? WHAT DID I SAY? WHAT DID I SAY?

MIGHTY MOTH

POW!


SUPERSLOB S JUST GREAT IN THIS COMIC. I'LL BUY AN OUTFIT AND MAYBE IT'LL MAKE ME TOUGH!
SUPERSLOB COMICS
WHILE DAD'S OUT I... KNOCK THIS WALL DOWN!
CRASH!

TEE-HEE! I'VE PAINTED THIS PIECE OF CARDBOARD TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THE WALL!
LATER..
IT'S ME..? SUPERDAD!
HEY, SUPERDAD, SMASH THROUGH THAT WALL LIKE SUPERSLOB DOES.
WE...L...I'LL... ER... TRY!
SMASH!
I D.D IT! I CAN BURST THROUGH WALLS!
DAD CHASES MIGHTY MOTH ROUND THE CORNER...
WITH MY NEW-FOUND SUPERDAD POWER I CAN GET R.D OF THAT MOTH!
I'D BETTER GO INDOORS!
I'VE NO NEED TO RUN ROUND TO THE DOOR NOW. I'LL BURST STRAIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!
SPLAT!
HO! HO! HO! SUPERDAD LOOKS SUPERSAD! TOO BAD!

TV TERRORS

I'M A MAGICIAN AND THESE ARE MY TWO ASSISTANTS! WE WANT TO ENTER THE TV TALENT SHOW!
HUH! YOU'RE NO MORE A MAGICIAN THAN I AM!
TV TALENT SHOW
ALL ACTS WELCOME

CLEAR OFF! ...WHOOPS!
AHA! HOPPIT'S KICKED ONE OF HIS BOOTS OFF!
WHUMP!

LET'S RUN OFF WITH HOPPIT'S KICKER! HA! HA!
COME BACK HERE WITH THAT, YOU ROTTERS!

HEY! LOOK OVER THERE... IT'S THE FAMOUS MIGHTY MOTH!

NICE TO MEET YOU, MIGHTY! WOULD YOU DO US A SPECIAL FAVOUR?
WHY OF COURSE, TERRORS!

HERE'S WHAT WE'D LIKE YOU TO DO... WHISPER! WHISPER! WHISPER!
OKAY!

A LITTLE LATER...
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW GOOD A MAGICIAN I AM, HOPPIT!
EH?
WATCH THAT BOOT.

CALAMAZOOOOO!
WOW! THAT'S VERY CLEVER!

NOW KICK HOPPIT IN THE PANTS, BOOT. ISHMEEGOOWALAH!
YAAAAH!
WHUMP!

THAT'S MAGICKED HOPPIT OUT OF THE WAY FOR A SPELL! NOW LET'S GET INTO THE STUDIO AND ENJOY THE SHOW! HA! HA!
HEY! HELP! GRRR!
CHORTLE! CHORTLE!

OUR picture-word PUZZLE

CLUES DOWN

1

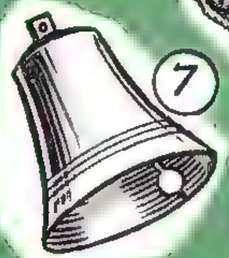
2

3

4

5

6

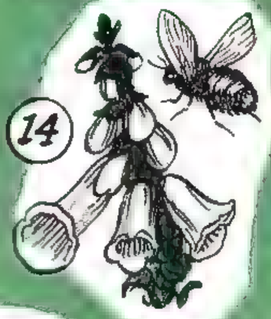
7


10

11

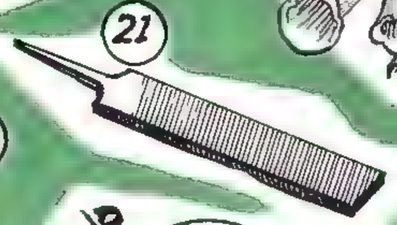
12

13

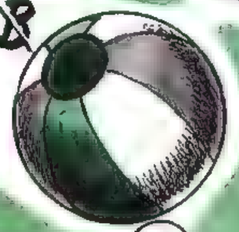
14


18

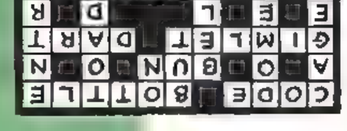
19

21


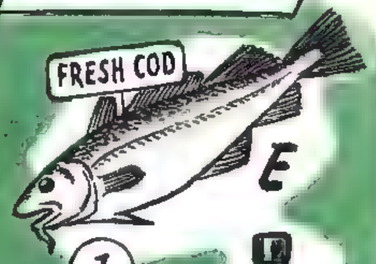
22

23


24



CLUES ACROSS

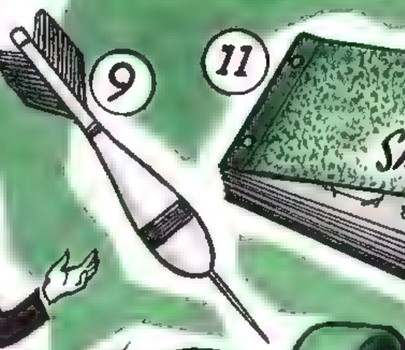
FRESH COD


1

3

7

8

9


11

15

24

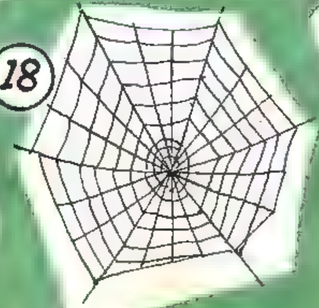
20

14

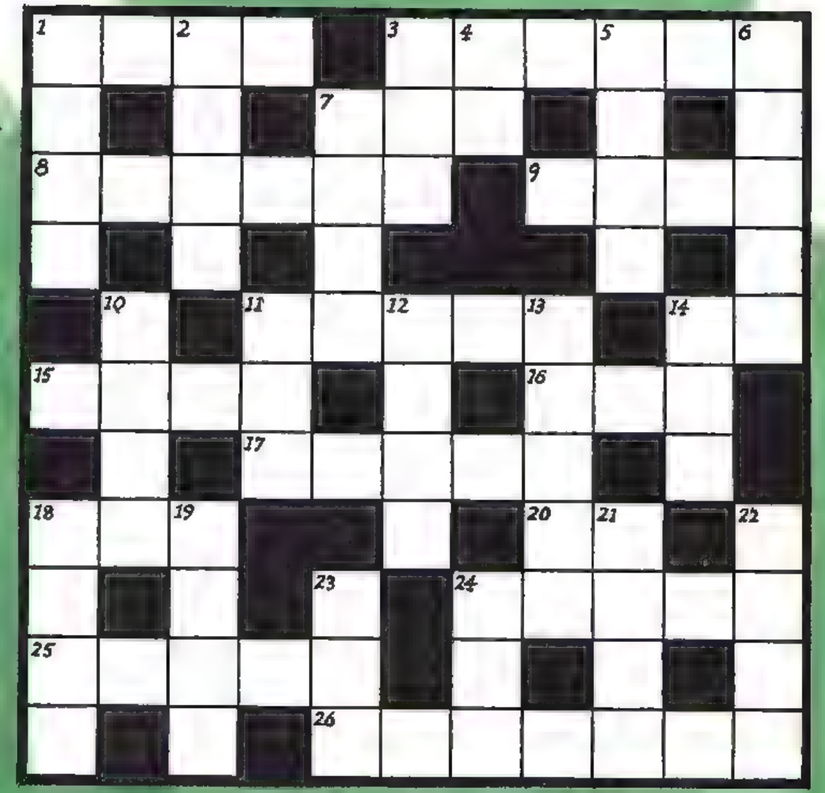
16

25

26

18


17



Larry Harmon's

Laurel & Hardy

TOP PAY! BOY, THAT SOUNDS GOOD! WE'VE NEVER DONE A JOB WHERE THE PAYS BEEN GOOD!

IT ALSO SAYS DANGEROUS WORK... I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT!

TWO ASTRONAUTS WANTED DANGEROUS WORK TOP PAY

IN YOU GO, STAN! IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE WE'RE LIKELY TO GET TO MAKE SOME REAL MONEY!

OKAY!

A LITTLE LATER...

THESE TWO MEN ARE VERY BRAVE! THEY'VE AGREED TO BE ROCKETED INTO SPACE TO SEE WHAT KIND OF CREATURES LIVE ON THE UNEXPLORED PLANET CALLED ZIPTON!

OH, BOY!

THIS'LL MAKE GREAT HEADLINES!

CLICK

OLLIE AND STAN BEGIN STRICT TRAINING...

IN OUTER SPACE PEOPLE ARE WEIGHTLESS! IT IS NECESSARY FOR THEM TO LEARN HOW TO GET AROUND!

I THINK THE BREAST-STROKE WORKS BEST!

NEXT THE TWO ASTRONAUTS TRY THE ROCKET SLEDGE...

ROAR Z-O-O-M

TEST

THE ROCKET SLEDGE WILL TELL US HOW WELL OLLIE AND STAN WILL STAND UP TO THE PULL OF GRAVITY!

POOR OLD OLLIE AND STAN...

MY CHIN FEELS AS THOUGH IT'S BETWEEN MY KNEES!

O-O-M!

SAME HERE! (GROAN!)

OLLIE AND STAN BECOME PUBLIC HEROES...

SEE YOU ALL WHEN WE GET BACK!

GOOD LUCK ON YOUR TRIP!

BRAVO!

WE TAKE OFF TOMORROW.

THIS MUST BE WHAT FLYING THROUGH SPACE IS LIKE...

THUD

SCREEECH

HMMM! I DON'T THINK SO! I GET THE FEELING WE SHOULD HAVE A ROCKET SHIP AROUND US!

© 1969, Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation.

WHEN THE BIG DAY ARRIVES THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE LINE UP TO SHAKE HANDS WITH THE ASTRONAUTS...

WOW! THERE MUST BE TWO THOUSAND HANDS THAT WANT SHAKING, STANLEY!

BETTER GET STARTED! IT'S A LONG WALK TO THE ROCKET!

SHAKE

SHAKE SHAKE

SHAKE

AN HOUR LATER...

I'VE BEEN SHAKING HANDS FOR AN HOUR... THEY'RE WORN OUT!

MINE TOO! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET INSIDE THE ROCKET!

BRAVO

GOOD LUCK!

SIZZLE

SIZZLE

SIZZLE

THE TWO MEN BOARD THEIR CRAFT...

SIZZLE

SIZZLE

WE'LL HAVE TO OPERATE THE CONTROLS WITH OUR TOES... OUR HANDS ARE TOO SORE.

STAND BY FOR BLAST OFF.

3... 2... 1... BLAST OFF!

I'M MORE FRIGHTENED ABOUT HAVING TO RETURN TO EARTH AND SHAKE HANDS WITH ALL THOSE PEOPLE AGAIN THAN I AM ABOUT ANYTHING AWAITING US IN OUTER SPACE!

RUMBLE

LATER, THE TWO FRIENDS LAND ON ZIPTON...

HALLO! HALLO! WHAT KIND OF CREATURE HAS CAUSED ALL THOSE WEIRD FOOTPRINTS?

OOER! I'M FRIGHTENED!

AAARGH! IT MUST'VE BEEN THAT CREATURE OVER THERE!

HMM! I THINK IT MIGHT BE WORTH MAKING FRIENDS WITH THAT THING AND TAKING IT BACK TO EARTH WITH US! I'VE JUST HAD AN IDEA!

SO WHEN THE TWO ASTRONAUTS RETURN...

GOOD JOB WE BROUGHT THAT CREATURE BACK WITH US! I KNEW IT'D COME IN HANDY!

YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING, OLLIE! HE! HE!

HA! HA! HA!

HO! HO! HO!

A WONDERFUL SPECIMEN!

IT'S THE KROOKS! THEY'VE JOINED THE FIRE BRIGADE BUT THEY'RE STILL ROBBING BANKS. GRRR!

OH, DEAR!

GUG!

OOOF!

KOP THAT, KOPS!

SPLOSH!

URK!

HAR! HAR! HAR!

THE KOPS ARE ALL WASHED UP.

GRRR! I KNOW HOW TO FIX THEM!

SO...

QUICK! SLASH THEIR HOSES WHILE THEY'RE STICKING UP THE DRUG-STORE.

DRUGSTORE

GREAT IDEA, CHIEFY!

YOU LOT ARE UNDER ARREST.

? ? ? ?

GULP! THEY'VE SLASHED OUR HOSES... THE GAMES UP!

MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION A CARELESS PASSER-BY TOSSES A CIGAR BUTT AWAY...

BEFORE YOU ARREST US TAKE A LOOK BEHIND YOU.

EH?

THE POLICE STATION IS ON FIRE!

OH, NO!

I'FRAID THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO, CHIEFY. YOU SEE OUR HOSES HAVE BEEN SLASHED. HAR! HAR!

SOB!

COME ON LADS. LET'S CLEAR OFF... THE KOPS HAVEN'T GOT A JAIL TO PUT US IN NOW! HA! HA! HA!

BLUBBER!

SNIFF

SNIVVLE!

HAW, HAW, HAW!

SKIPPY the bush kangaroo

ONE MORNING AS SKIPPY AWAKES TO THE EARLY LIGHT OF THE SUN SLANTING ITS RAYS THROUGH THE BLUE GUM TREES SHE IS DISTURBED. THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE BUSH THAT SHE LOVES. IT IS TOO QUIET. NO MOVEMENT OF ANIMALS, NO VOICE OF BIRDS. SKIPPY STANDS LISTENING TO THIS STRANGE SILENCE...

SUDDENLY, SHE DISCOVERS THE REASON. A PARRAKEET IS LYING ILL ON THE GROUND...

EEEEEEHHH!

NOW A LITTLE KOALA BEAR CRAWLS OUT FROM HIS HIDING PLACE AS ILL AS THE PARRAKEET...

EEEEK! SQUEAK!

SKIPPY BOUNDS AWAY FOR ASSISTANCE BECAUSE SHE KNOWS SOMETHING IS WRONG...

WHAT IS IT, SKIPPY, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?

EEEEK! SQUEAK!

DAD... DAD, SKIPPY WANTS US TO FOLLOW HER. SHE'S UPSET ABOUT SOMETHING!

OKAY SON. YOU SEEM TO UNDERSTAND SKIPPY'S TALK. I'LL GET THE TRUCK...

I HOPE SHE KNOWS WHERE SHE'S TAKING US... I LEFT JERRY REPAIRING THE CHOPPER...

SKIPPY KNOWS, DAD, I KNOW HER TONE OF VOICE...

THEY FIND THE SICK BIRDS AND ANIMALS...

SKIPPY WAS RIGHT, DAD, WE MUST GET DR. SANDY, THE VET WHO IS SO KIND TO ALL CREATURES!

SURE, I'LL RADIO JERRY TO BRING HIM IN THE HELICOPTER...

OKAY, MATT, I'LL TRY AND GET HOLD OF SANDY, ONLY THE CHOPPER'S NOT IN PERFECT CONDITION. I'M STILL DOING REPAIRS!

THE KINDLY VET COMES AT ONCE IN ANSWER TO JERRY'S PHONE CALL...

THE CHOPPER'S NOT IN PERFECT ORDER, DOC, BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, JERRY, I'M NOT IN PERFECT CONDITION MYSELF. A SPOT OF HEART TROUBLE. BUT I HAVE MY PILLS WITH ME!

GOOD OLD JERRY, HE'S BROUGHT THE DOC...

GOOD OLD DOC, I RECKON, HE'S NOT BEEN WELL HIMSELF LATELY, BUT HE'LL ALWAYS TURN OUT TO HELP AN ANIMAL..."

COME ON, OLD DEAR, THIS IS AN EPIDEMIC AND YOU'VE BEEN IN CONTACT WITH IT. WE MUST TREAT YOU AS WELL.

HOLD STILL, SKIPPY!

EEEK!

SKIPPY GOES HOME WITH MATT AND SONNY WHILE THE DOCTOR GOES ON TO ATTEND TO THE OTHER ANIMALS...

GOOD GIRL, SKIPPY. YOU CAN HAVE A NICE REST WHEN WE GET HOME.

SQUEAK SQUEAK

THAT'S THE LAST ONE ROUND HERE, JERRY. BUT I THINK WE SHOULD HAVE A GOOD LOOK OVER THE RESERVATION. THERE MAY BE OTHERS!

OKAY YOU'RE THE DOCTOR!

ON THE WAY BACK WHEN THE DOCTOR IS SATISFIED...

I'M GLAD WE HAVE TREATED ALL THOSE POOR CREATURES.

TARNATION, MY REPAIRS WERE TOO HURRIED. WE'RE LOSING HEIGHT.

THE CHOPPER CRASHES...

STONE ME DOC I BROUGHT THE CHOPPER OUT BEFORE I WAS REALLY READY.

IT SEEMS I CAME OUT BEFORE I WAS READY TOO, JERRY... BUT I STILL HAVE MY HEART PILLS, PERHAPS YOU WILL GET THEM FOR ME!

BLOW ME DOWN. THE PILLS HAVE GONE, DOC. THE BAG'S EMPTY!

NEVER MIND, JERRY. I HAVE SAVED THE ANIMALS. THE EPIDEMIC WILL NOT SPREAD... I CAN LIVE FOR AT LEAST ONE HOUR!

I'LL GET THOSE PILLS DOC, DON'T YOU WORRY... I'LL RADIO MATT AND SONNY!

OKAY, JERRY, I'LL GET A FRESH SUPPLY OF PILLS... THE SKY'S CLOUDING UP THOUGH, AND WE MAY BE A BIT LATE!

HEAVY RAIN COMES DOWN AS MATT DRIVES BACK WITH THE DOCTOR'S PILLS...

WE'LL DO IT, SONNY, THE RAIN WON'T STOP US!

I'M NOT SO SURE DAD, SKIPPY IS TWITCHING HER EARS.

...AND FILLS THE STREAM HE HAS TO CROSS...

SKIPPY CAN JUMP THIS STREAM, DAD. PUT THE PILLS IN HER POUCH AND LET HER TRY!

OKAY, IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE FOR DOC SANDY!

SQUEAK, SQUEAK!

GOOD LUCK, SKIPPY!

SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

TAKE THOSE PILLS TO THE DOCTOR.

SHE'S DONE IT! GOOD OLD SKIPPY!

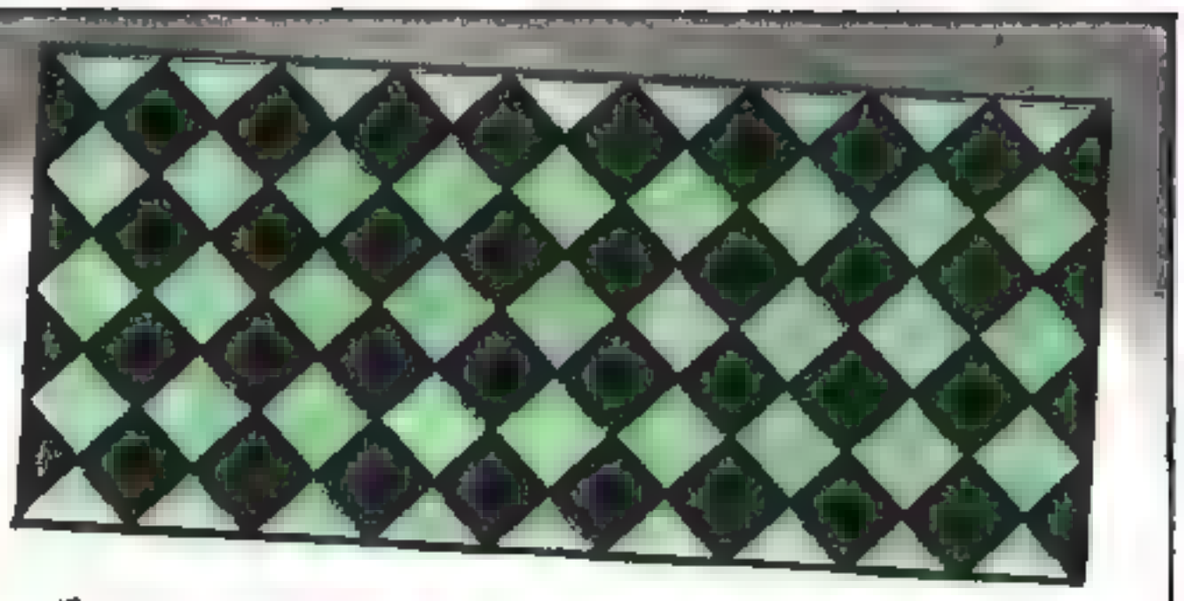
THAT SURE IS A GREAT GIRL!

WE'RE QUITS, SKIPPY, I SAVED YOUR LIFE AND YOU HAVE SAVED MINE... THOSE PILLS ARE ALL I NEEDED!

GOOD ON YER BOTH, I'LL GET THAT CHOPPER FIXED SO IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

PUZZLE PAGE

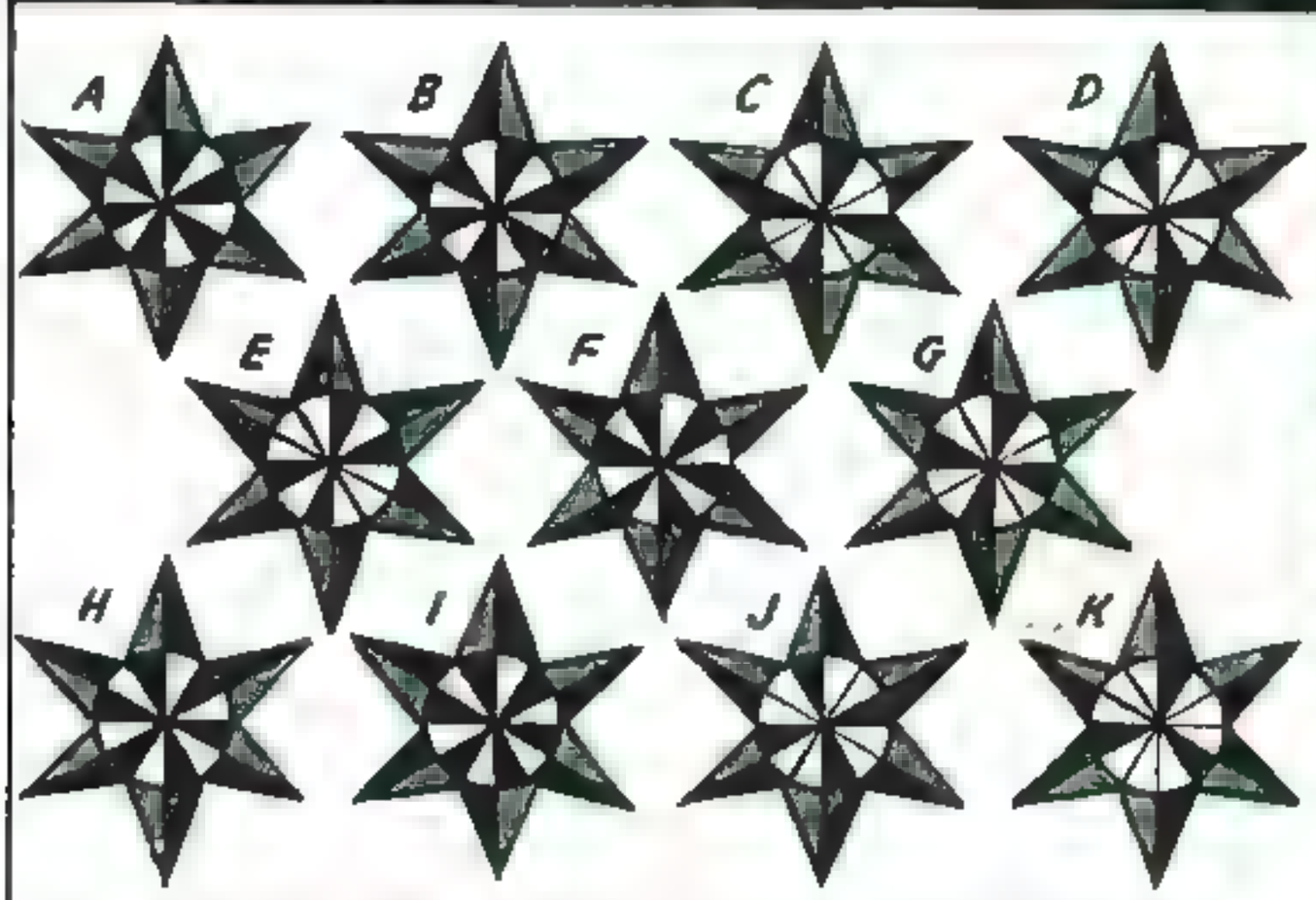


1. COULD YOU CUT THIS SHEET OF LINO TO COVER A SQUARE FLOOR WITHOUT SPOILING THE PATTERN?

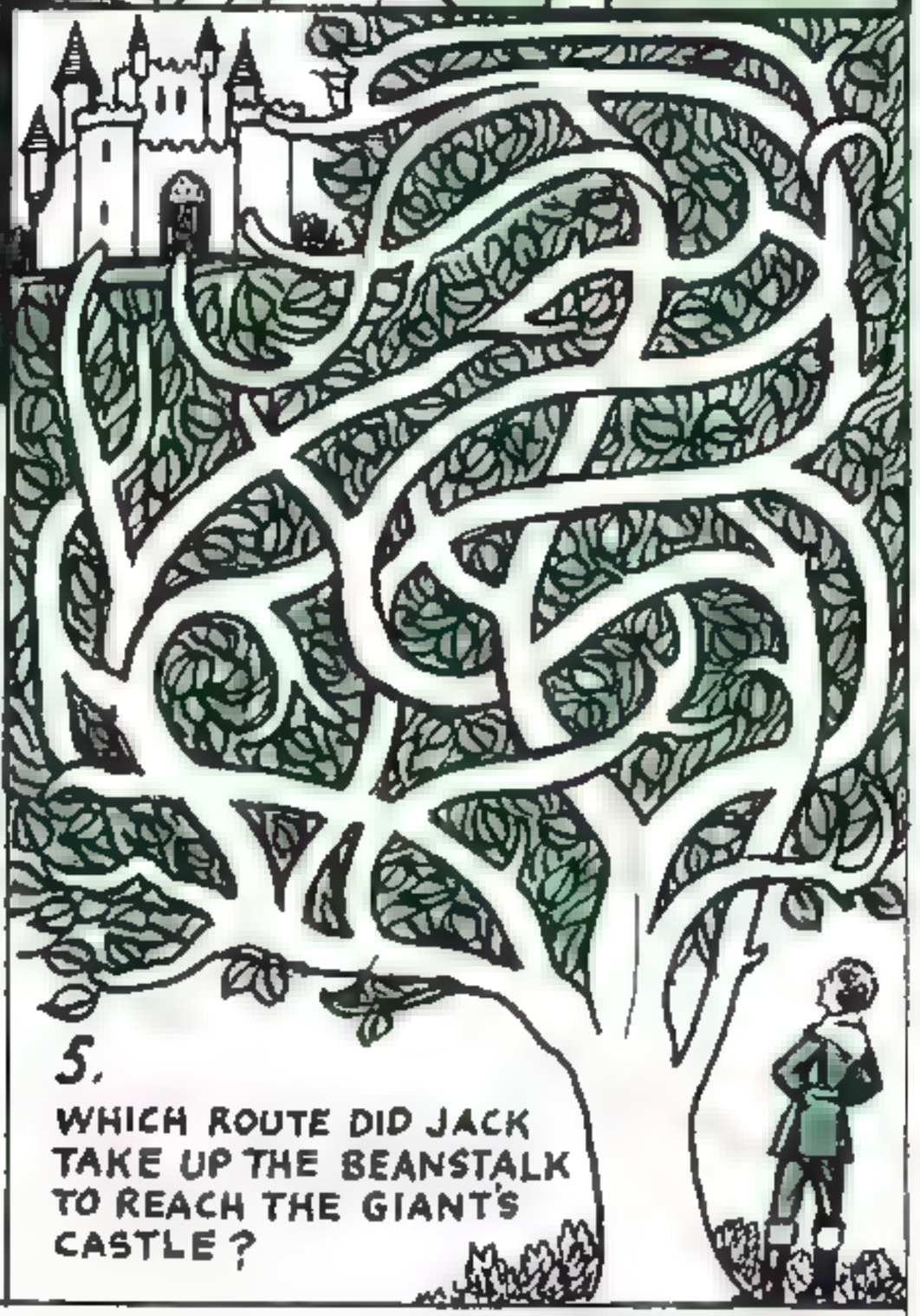
2. HOW MANY THINGS CAN YOU SEE THAT ARE DIFFERENT IN THE SECOND PICTURE?

WHAT IS IT THAT OCCURS ONCE IN A MINUTE, TWICE IN A MOMENT, BUT NEVER IN A YEAR?

3.

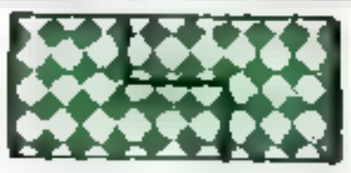


4. ONLY TWO OF THESE STARS ARE ALIKE HOW QUICKLY CAN YOU SPOT THEM?



5. WHICH ROUTE DID JACK TAKE UP THE BEANSTALK TO REACH THE GIANT'S CASTLE?

ANSWERS

1. 

2. THERE ARE AT LEAST 12 THINGS THAT ARE DIFFERENT. YOU MAY FIND SOME MORE.

3. THE LETTER 'M'

4. D, AND J.

5. YOU WILL FIND THAT THERE IS A WAY TO THE CASTLE WITHOUT CROSSING A BLACK LINE.

Hysterical History

TV TERRORS

YIKE! ONLY TEN MINUTES TO GO BEFORE THE B G MATCH STARTS!

I LL JUST MAKE IT IF I GO LIKE THE WIND! GANGWAY!

MEANWHILE...
PITY WE'RE BROKE! I'D LOVE TO SEE THE GAME!
ME TOO!
TO-DAY
ROVERS
v
RANGER

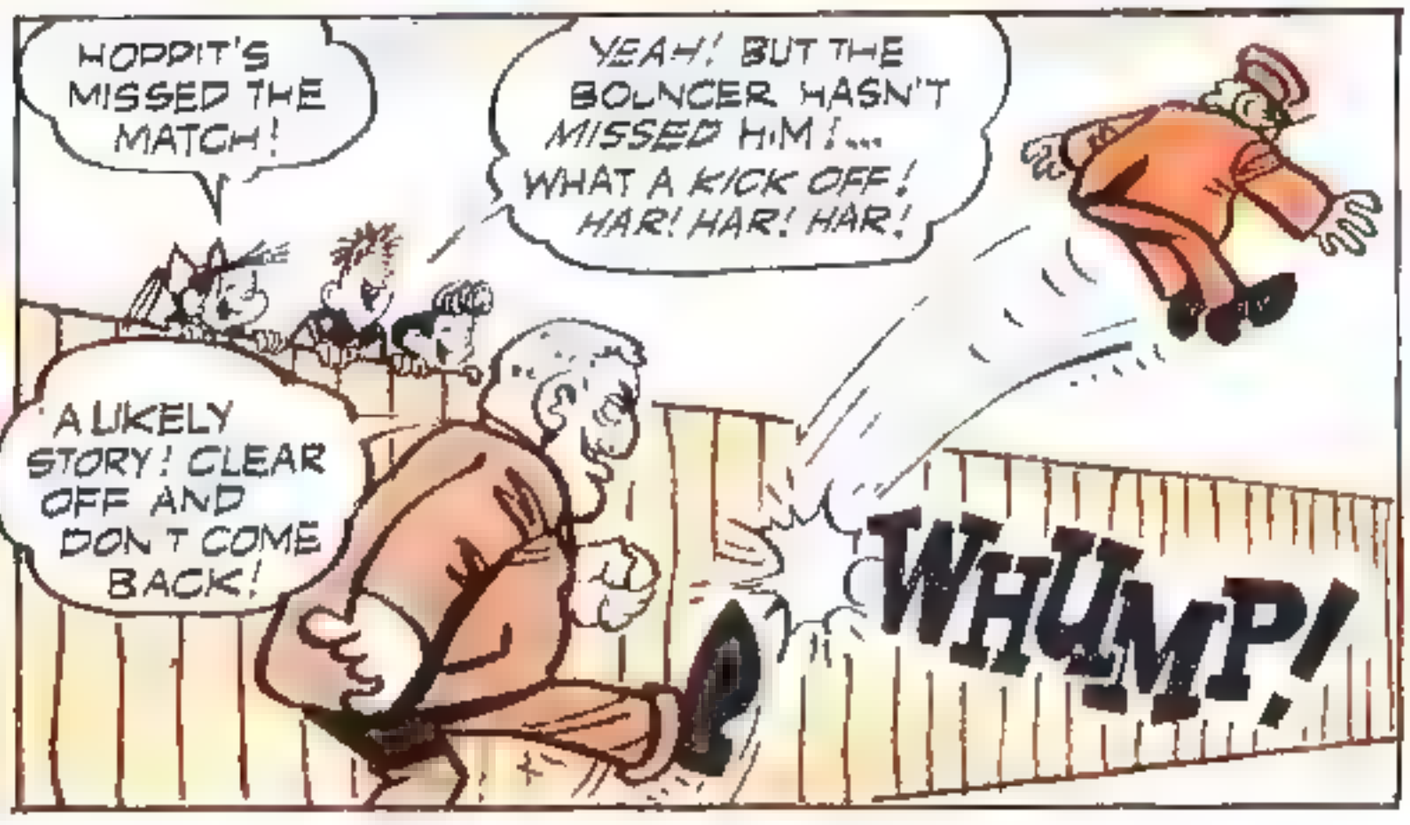
HERE COMES HOPPIT! HE'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA!
MAKE FACES AT H M, GANG!

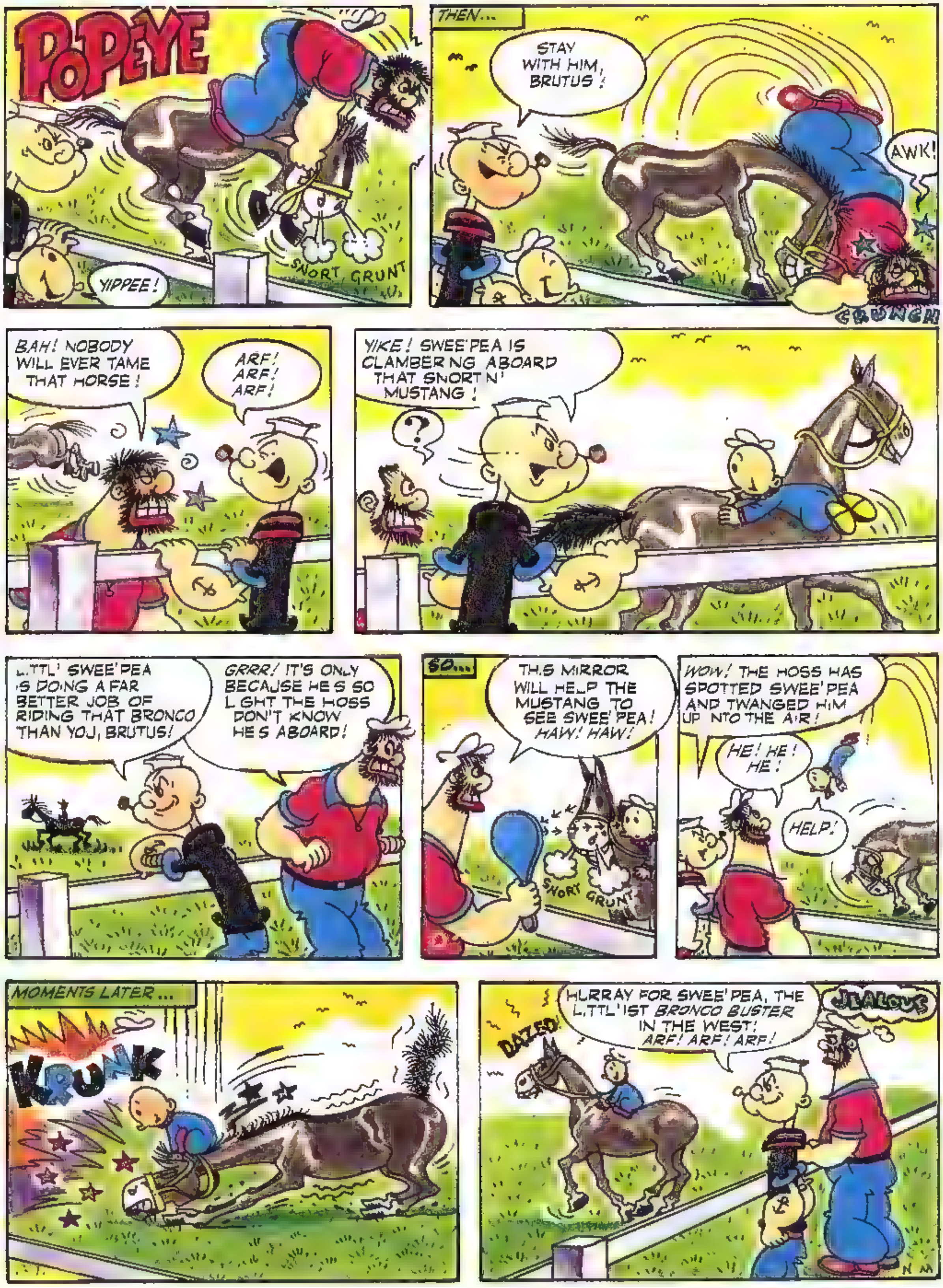
SO...
YAAH! HISSS!
BOO!
WHY YOU CHEEKY LOT!
ROTTEN OL' HOPPIT!
SKID!

TAKE THAT FOR BE NG RUDE!
NOW WE'VE GOT INTO THE GROUND FOR NOTHING!
WHUMP!
THANKS, HOPPIT! HE! HE!

WHY THOSE TR CKY TERRORS.. I'LL GET THEM BACK!
TO DA
ROVE
v
THEY CAN'T WATCH THE GAME WITHOUT PAYING... IT S NOT RIGHT!

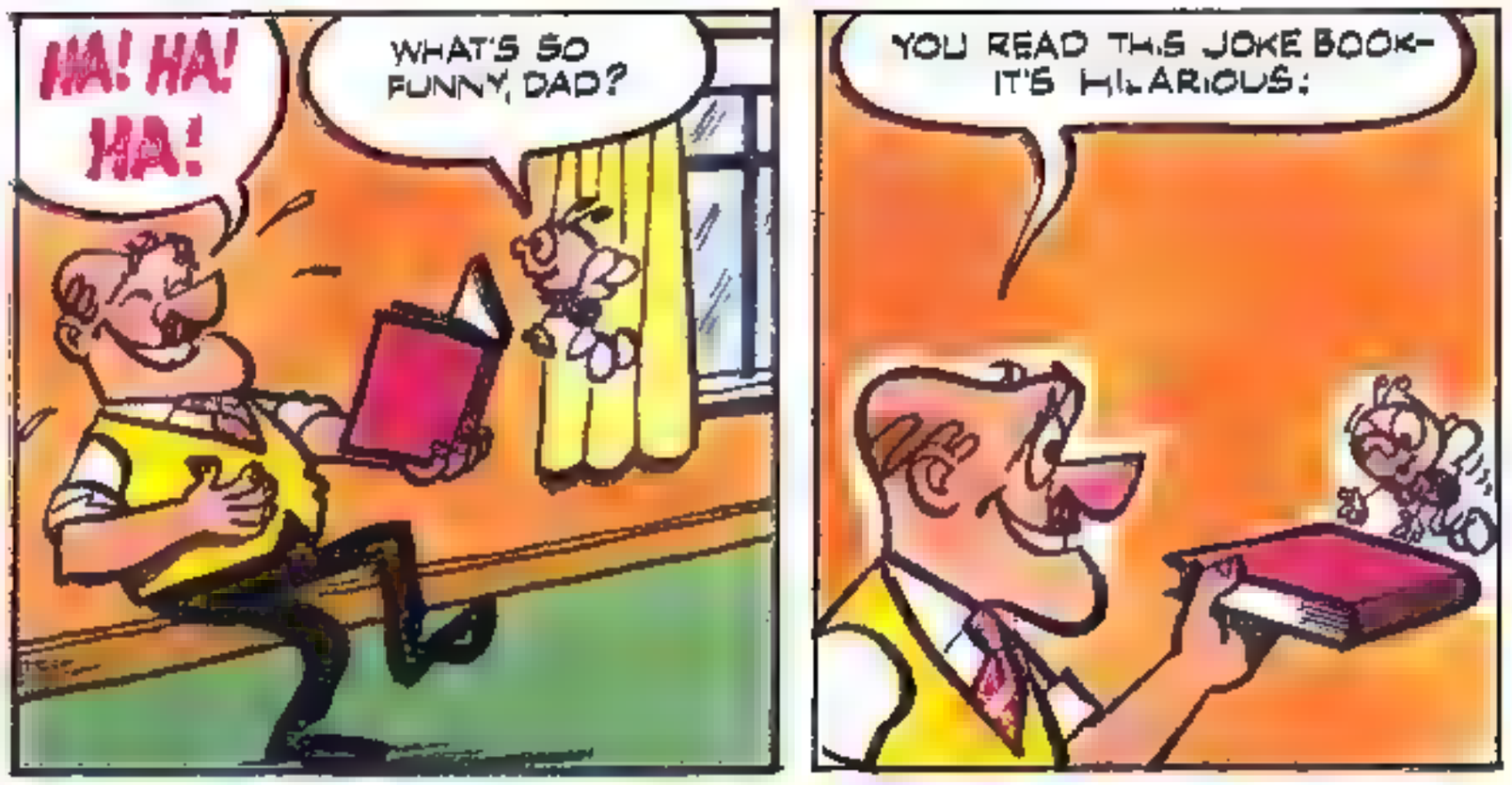
JUST THEN, THE FOOTBALL STADIUM'S BOUNCER APPEARS...
'ELLO! 'ELLO! TRYING TO BUNK IN FOR NOTHING, EH?
N-NO, I C-CAN EXPLAIN... I INTENDED BUY NG A T CKET!

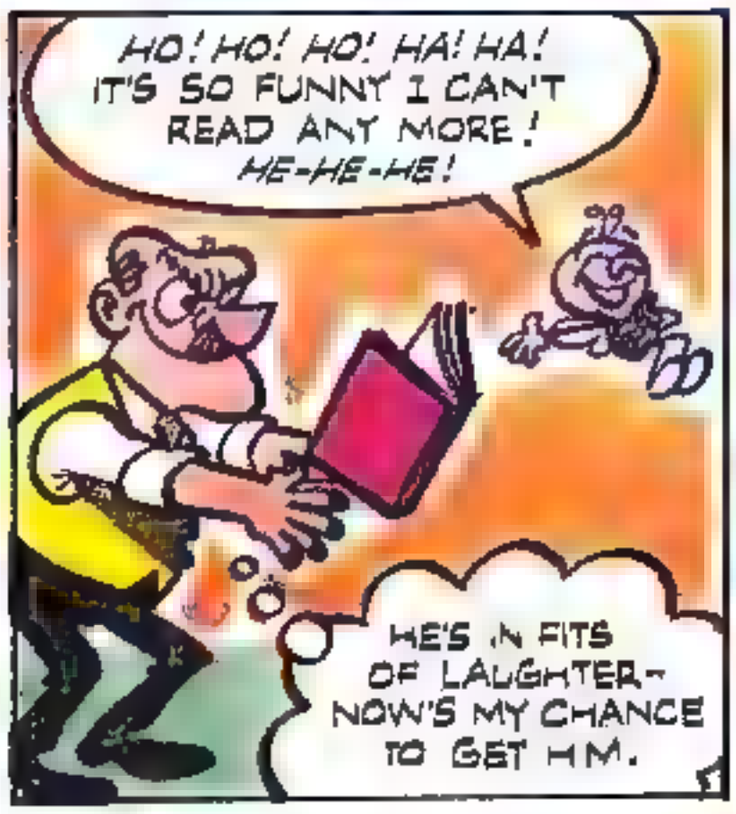

HODDIT'S MISSED THE MATCH!
YEAH! BUT THE BOUNCER HASN'T MISSED HIM!... WHAT A KICK OFF! HAR! HAR! HAR!
A LIKELY STORY! CLEAR OFF AND DON T COME BACK!
WHUMP!

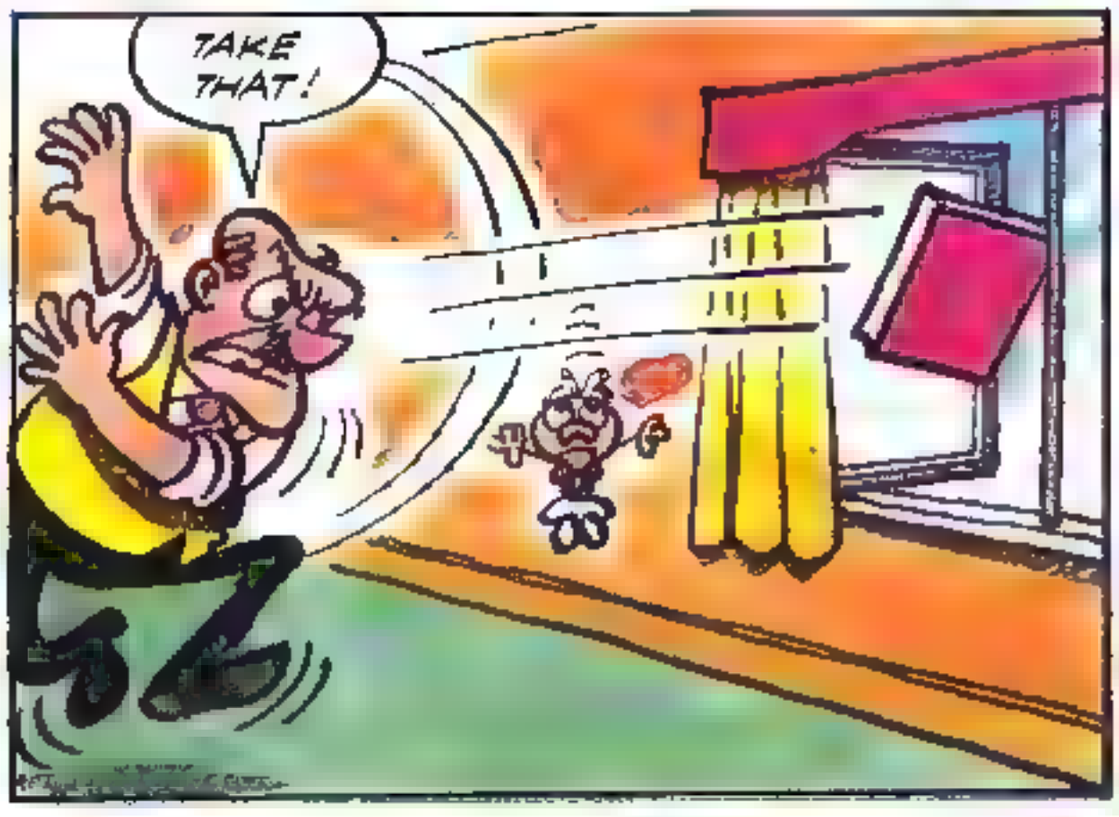

POPEYE
YIPPEE!
SNORT, GRUNT
THEN...
STAY WITH HIM, BRUTUS!
AWK!
CRUNCH
BAH! NOBODY WILL EVER TAME THAT HORSE!
ARF! ARF! ARF!
YIKE! SWEE'PEA IS CLAMBERING ABOARD THAT SNORTIN' MUSTANG!
?
L.TTL' SWEE'PEA IS DOING A FAR BETTER JOB OF RIDING THAT BRONCO THAN YOU, BRUTUS!
GRRR! IT'S ONLY BECAUSE HE'S SO L GHT THE HOSS DON'T KNOW HE'S ABOARD!
SO...
TH.S MIRROR WILL HELP THE MUSTANG TO SEE SWEE' PEA! HAW! HAW!
SNORT GRUNT
WOW! THE HOSS HAS SPOTTED SWEE'PEA AND TWANGED HIM UP NTO THE AIR!
HE! HE! HE!
HELP!
MOMENTS LATER...
KRUNK
HURRAY FOR SWEE'PEA, THE L,TTL'IST BRONCO BUSTER IN THE WEST! ARF! ARF! ARF!
DAZED
JEALOUS

© 1969. King Features Syndicate Inc.

MIGHTY MOTH


HA! HA! HA!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY, DAD?
YOU READ THIS JOKE BOOK- IT'S HILARIOUS!


HO! HO! HO! HA! HA! IT'S SO FUNNY I CAN'T READ ANY MORE! HE-HE-HE!
HE'S IN FITS OF LAUGHTER- NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET HIM.


TAKE THAT!

OUTSIDE...
CLUNK!

THROW A BOOK AT AN OFFICER OF THE LAW EH?

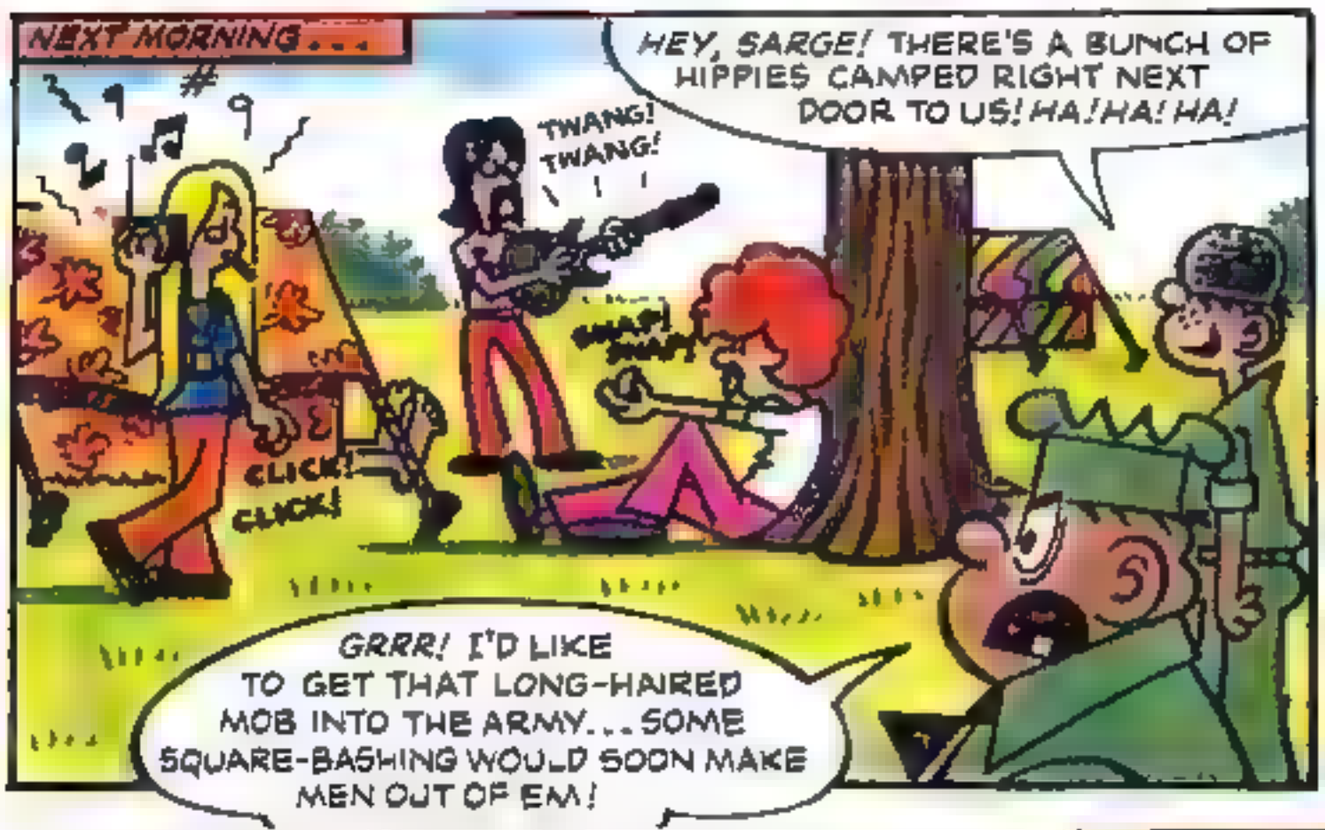
HEH-HEH-HEH! IT'S CERTAINLY FUNNY!

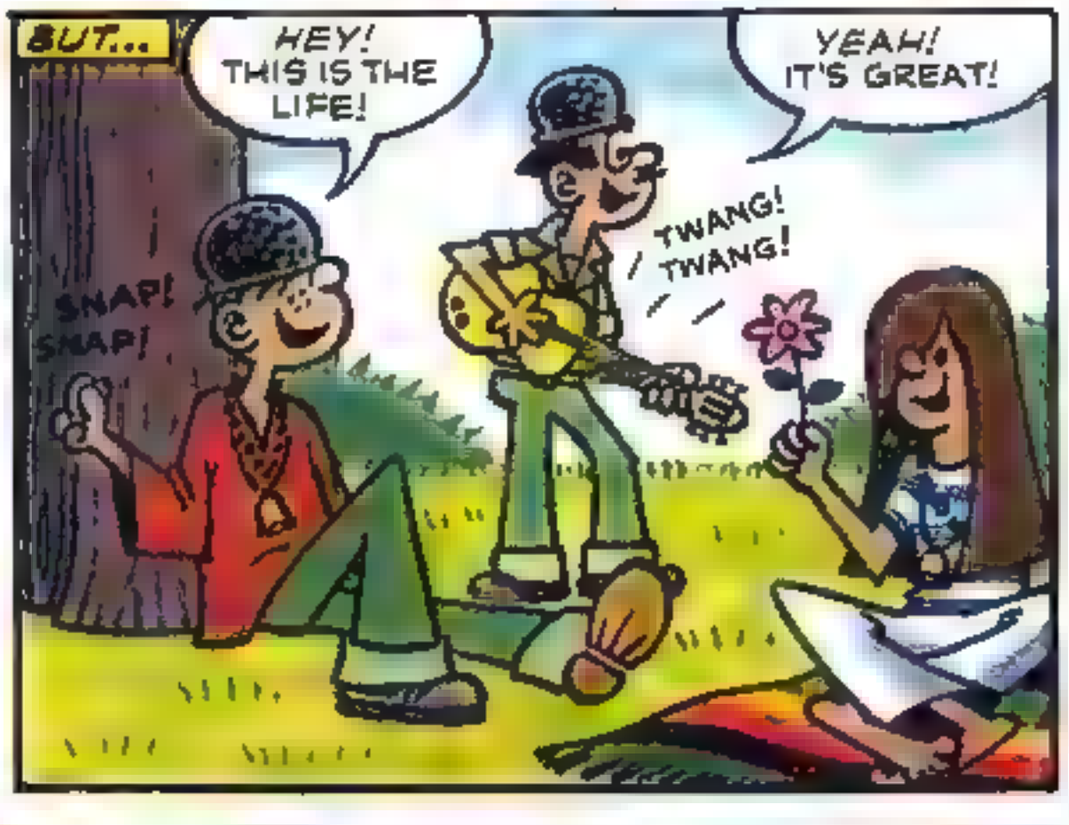
HO! HO! HO!
KNOCK! KNOCK!

HA! HA! HA!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.
HO! HO! HO!

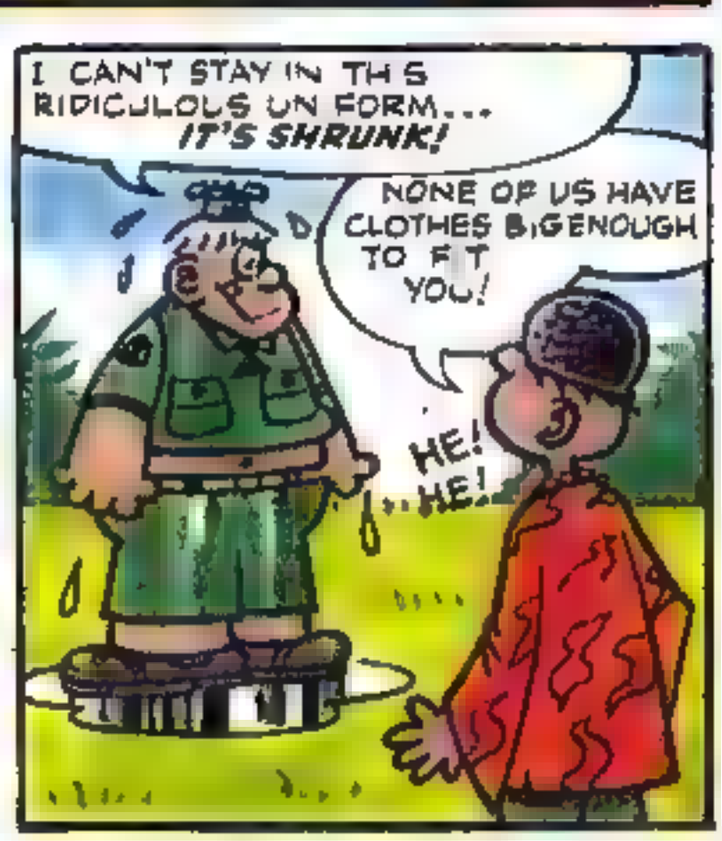
HA! HA! HA! HE! HE! HE!
THAT'S EVEN FUNNIER THAN THE JOKE BOOK!

Beetle Bailey


NEXT MORNING...
HEY, SARGE! THERE'S A BUNCH OF HIPPIES CAMPED RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO US! HA! HA! HA!
TWANG! TWANG!
CLICK! CLICK!
GRRR! I'D LIKE TO GET THAT LONG-HAIRED MOB INTO THE ARMY... SOME SQUARE-BASHING WOULD SOON MAKE MEN OUT OF EM!



WHAT ABOUT YOU JOINING US, SARGE?
BAILEY! GET OUT OF THOSE RIDICULOUS CLOTHES! I DON'T WANT YOU TWO ENDING UP SCRUFFY LIKE THOSE LAYABOUTS!



© 1969. King Features Syndicate Inc.

The TV TERRORS

HAVE JOINED HOPPIT AND THE OUTSIDE BROADCAST UNIT DOWN ON THE FARM...

YIKE! THERE'S GOING TO BE A FINE 'CROP' OF ACCIDENTS ANY MINUTE NOW!

D'YOU RECKON THAT MIGHT'VE BEEN ONE O'THEM FLYIN' SORCERERS, JARGE?

OUTSIDE BROADCAST UNIT

WHUMP!

DUCK, DUCKS!

GLOOF!

SPLAT!

I DIDN'T GET A GOOD SHOT OF THAT, MR. HOPPIT WOULD YOU MIND DOING IT AGAIN?

HA! HA! HA! HA!

TV OUTSIDE BROADCAST UNIT DOWN ON THE FARM NOW FILMING

THAT'LL TEACH OLD HOPPIT TO GUARD THE DOOR IN A BULL PEN! HEH! HEH! HEH!

HELP! I PRESSED THE WRONG BUTTON AND CAN'T STOP!

ACE COMBINE HARVESTER

YEEARGH! IT'S GOT ME!

TRIP!

SOCK IT TO HIM, DAD!

COME BACK BUTTONS!

GLUG!

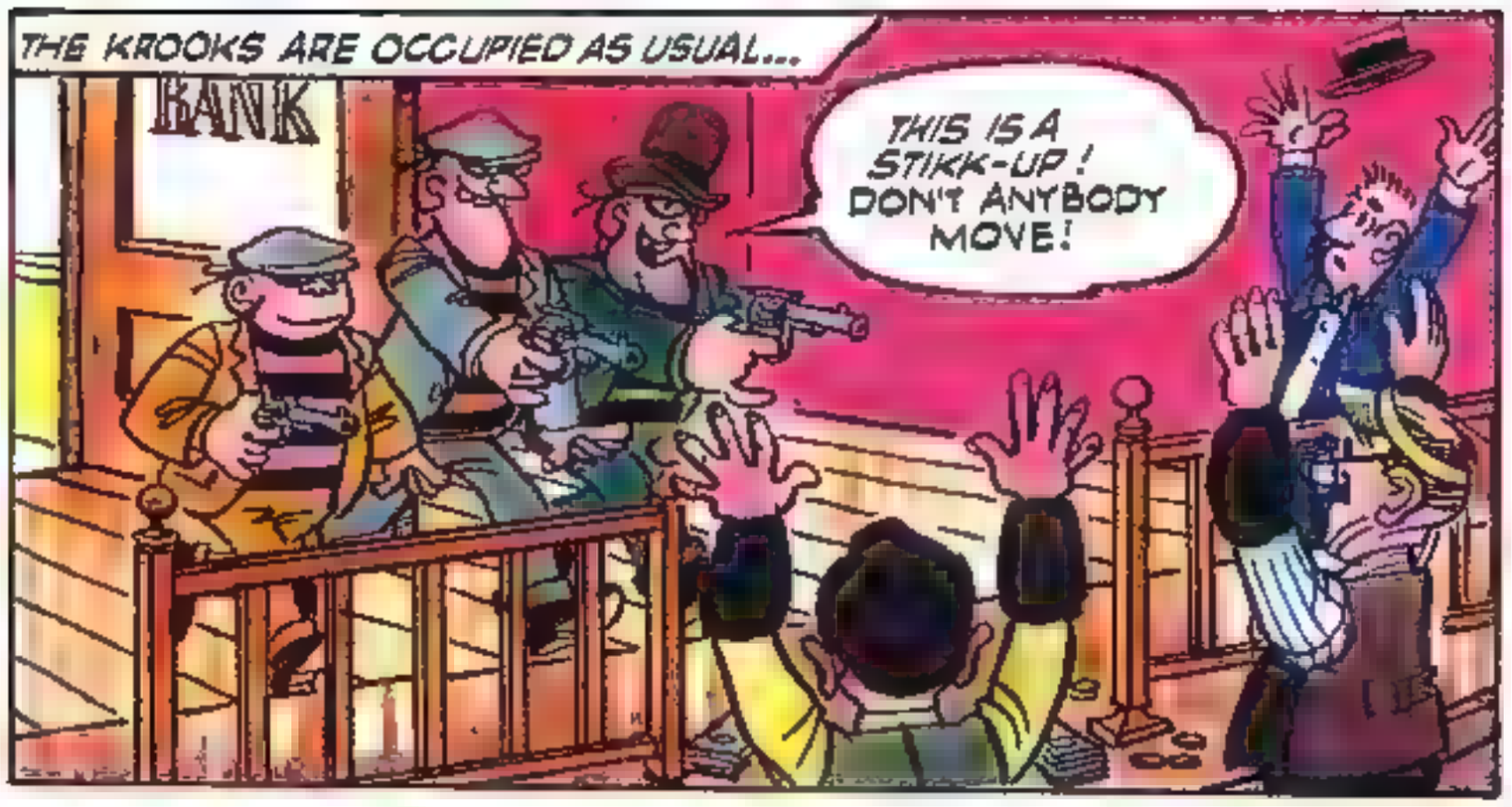
I UNDERSTAND IT'S BEEN A VERY WET HARVEST THIS YEAR, FARMER...

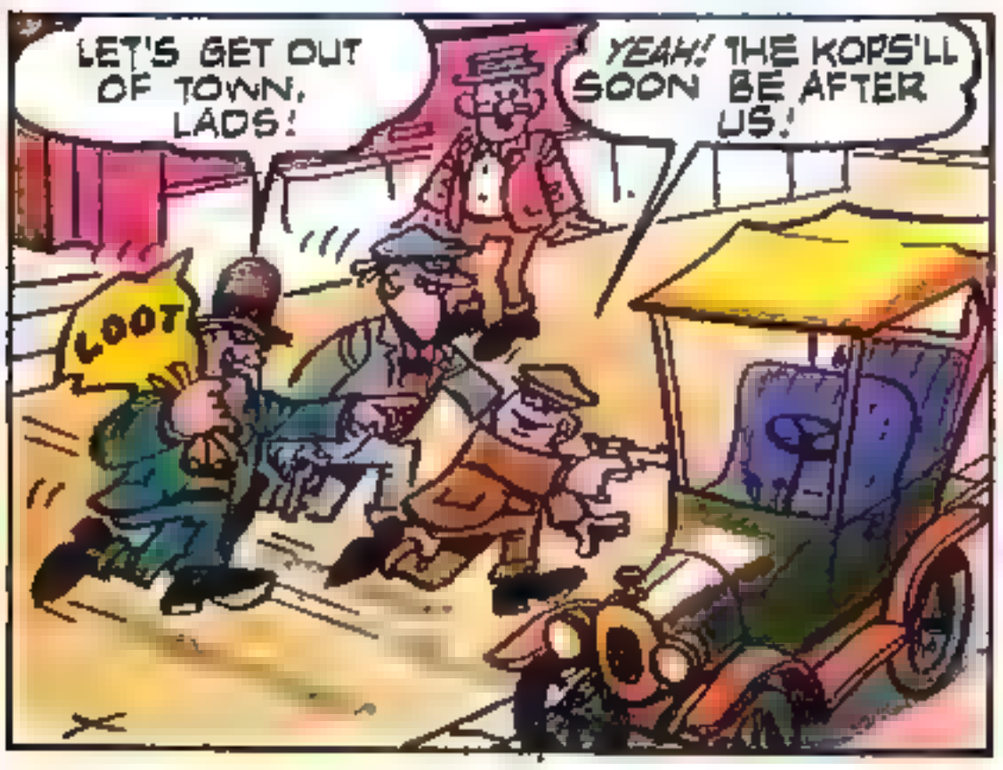
CRUNCH!

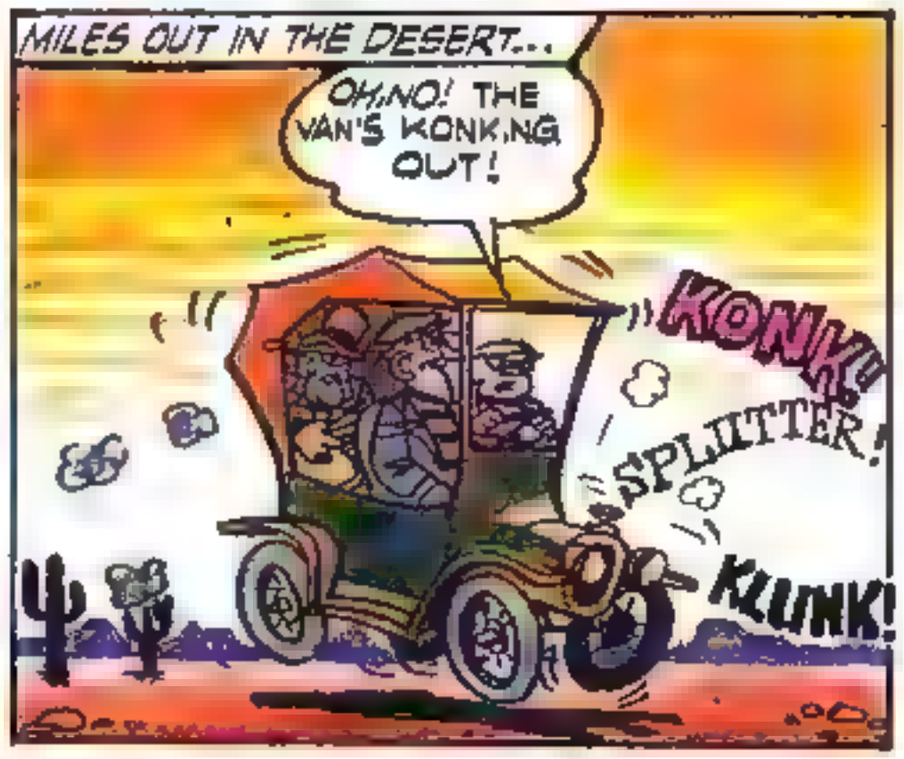
GRIND!

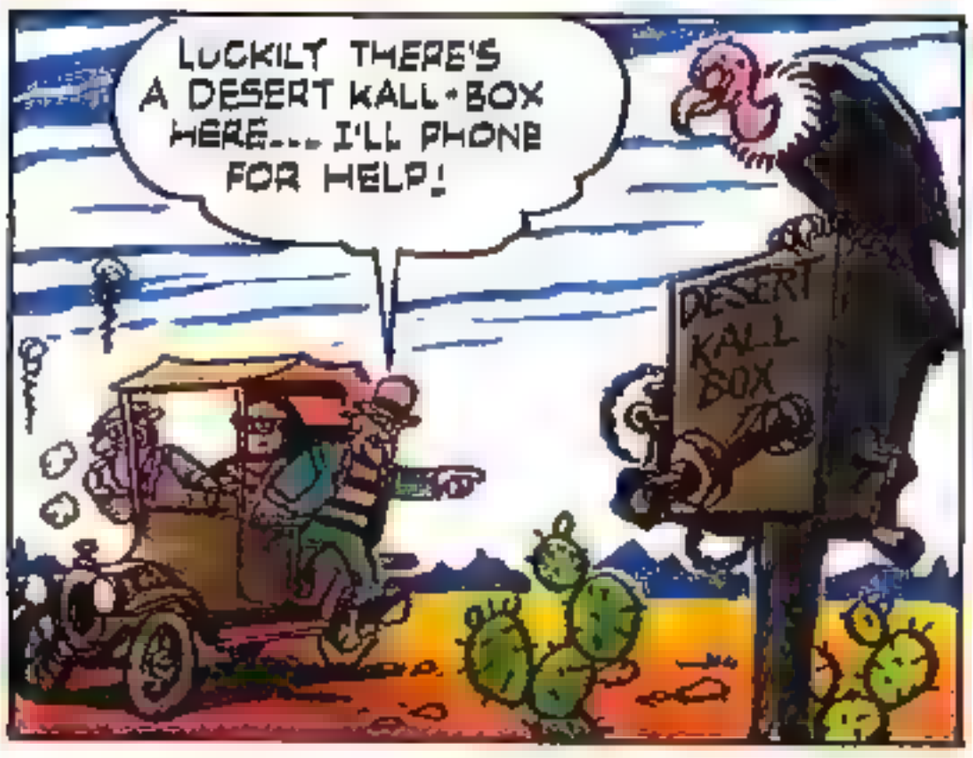
THAT'S ONE WAY TO GET SCRAMBLED EGGS! HA! HA!

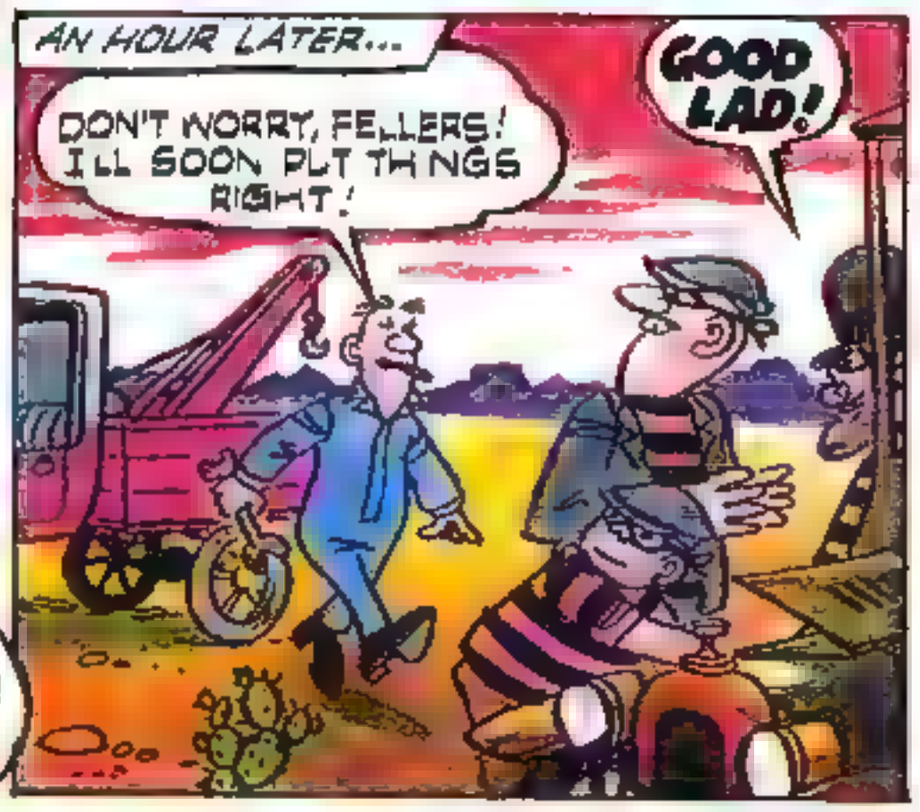
Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES featuring the Keystone Kops

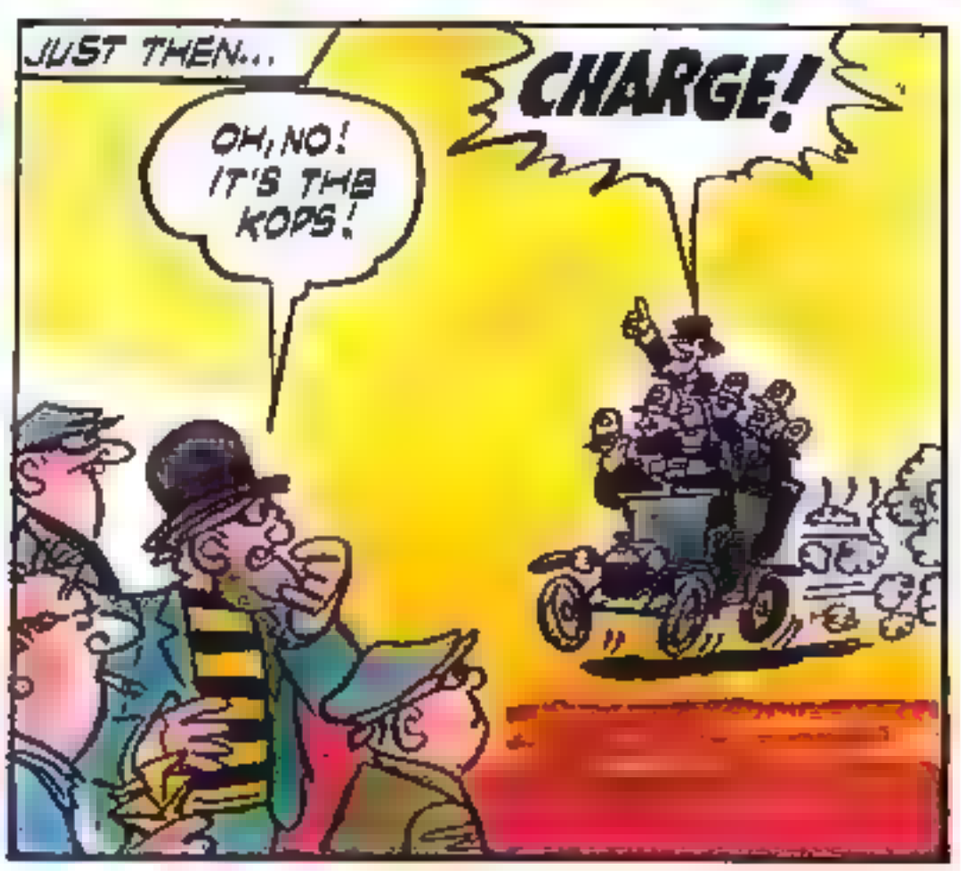












Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett.

I ARREST YOU AND YOUR KROOKS FOR STEALING 200 DOLLARS FROM THE BANK!

YOU CAN'T ARREST US... WE HAVEN'T GOT THE KASH ANY MORE!

POLICE

HE'S ROBBED US OF EVERY CENT.

OOER! THIS IS GETTING KONFUSING!

NEVER DID!

WE'D BETTER ARREST YOU ALL AND LET THE JUDGE SORT IT OUT AT THE TRIAL!

SO...

POLICE

KEYSTONE

MEANWHILE, BACK IN KEYSTONE...

MY POOR HEAD... IT'S ACHING LIKE MAD! I'VE HAD A WEEK OF TERRIBLE KASES! (GROAN!)

KOURT ROOM

JUDGE SLOCUM

YOU'RE WANTED IN KOURT YOUR HONOUR... THERE'S A KASE FOR YOU TO HEAR!

(GROAN!) OH, I DO HOPE IT'S A SIMPLE ONE... MY HEAD'S KILLING ME!

SO...

THE POINT IS YOUR HONOUR... 200 DOLLARS WAS STOLEN FROM THE BANK...THE KROOKS DID IT BUT THE REPAIR MAN HAD THE MONEY... I KNOW IT'S ALL A BIT KONFUSING!

WHAT A LOAD OF NATTER...WHAT IS HE GOING ON ABOUT?(MOAN!)

CHIEFY GOES ON AND ON AND ON...

NATTER! NATTER! NATTER! NATTER! NATTER! NATTER! NATTER! NATTER! NATTER!

AAARGH! MY POOR HEAD KAN'T TAKE ANY MORE OF THIS BAFFLING RUBBISH!

I SENTENCE YOU AND YOUR KOPS TO A WEEK IN JAIL FOR GIVING AN INNOCENT JUDGE A SPLITTING HEADACHE!

EH?

EH?

HAW! HAW! HAW!

HAR! HAR!

THE KOPS HAVE KOPPED IT THIS TIME!

BASIL BRUSH

AH! SPRING CHUMMERS! WE OPEN THE GROUNDS TO THE PUBLIC TOMORROW... WE'D BETTER CUT THE JOLLY OLD GRASS TODAY, EH?

H'ALRIGHT GUV... H'IF YOU H'INSIST!

TH S JOLLY OLD FERTIL/SER WILL HELP US GROW A MARVELLOUS LAWN.

SEEMS DAFT H'IF YOU H'ASK ME *(PUFF)* 'ARDLY FIN'SHED CUTT'NG H'IT AND YOU'RE TRY'NG TO MAKE H'IT GROW AGA'N!

WHEN I'VE FINISHED *(PUFF)* SPREADING THIS, WE'LL DO SOME WEEDING *(PUFF)* AND THEN SOME...

NOT TODAY WE WON'T, GUV! LOOK AT THOSE RAIN CLOUDS.

COME ON, CHUMMERS, INSIDE, BEFORE WE GET SOAKED!

ERRR... LOOK AT THE FERTILISER! 'OPE YOU 'AVEN'T USED TOO MUCH, GUV!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

THE RAIN STOPPED DURING THE NIGHT, CHUMMERS, SO NOW WE CAN FIN'SH THE GARDENING.

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, GUV. *WE'LL 'AVE* TO FIND THE GARDEN *FIRST!*

GREAT GIANT GRASS-LANDS! IT'S GROWN INTO A JUNGLE OVER NIGHT!

I THOUGHT YOU WAS H'OVER DOING THE FERT'LISER A BIT, GUV. BETTER GET SOMETHING TO CUT H'IT WIV...

GREAT UNENDING UNDERGROWTH! FASTER FASTER CHUMMERS, WE'VE HARDLY MADE ANY IMPRESSION ON IT!

I'M DOING MY BEST, GUV! BUT THERE'S SO MUCH OF IT!

CHUMMERS! WHICH WAY IS THE HOUSE? OH, *GREAT FLUMMOXED FOXES...* WE'RE LOST!

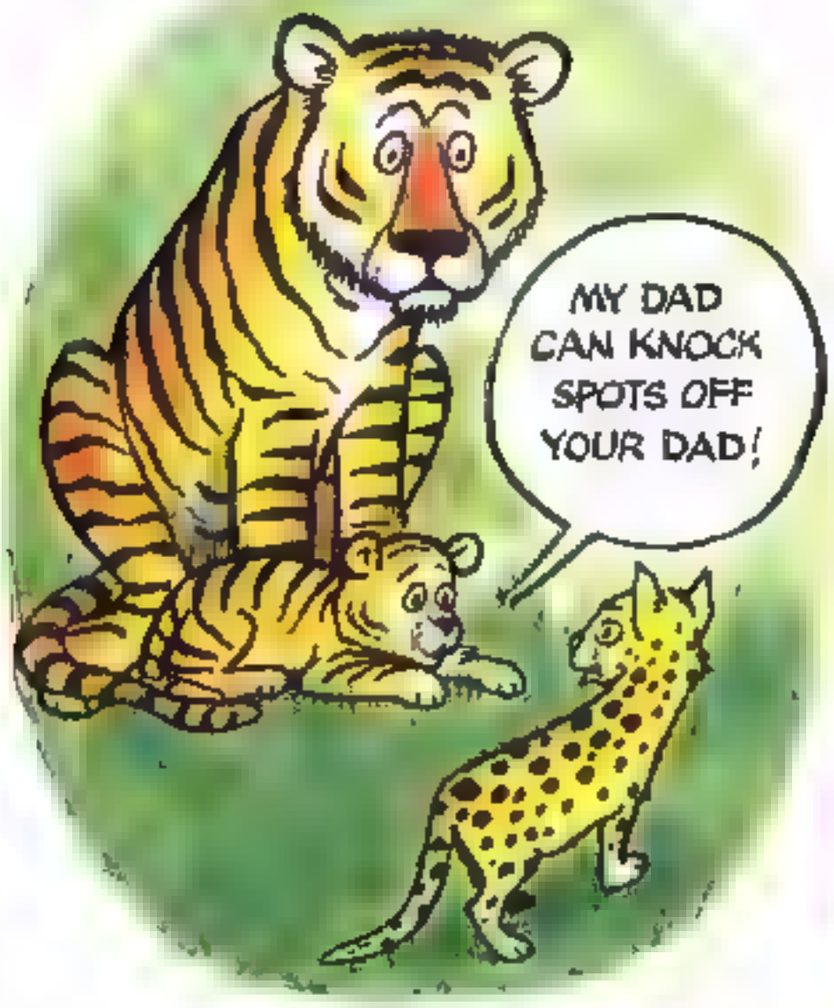
NEVER M'ND, GUV... H'I KNOW 'OW WE CAN TURN THIS MISFORTUNE INTO H'AN ADVANTAGE... *HEE-HEE!*

CHUMMERS, OLD CHAP! YOU'RE A MARVEL! THINK OF ALL THE MONEY WE'RE MAKING! *HAW-HAW!*

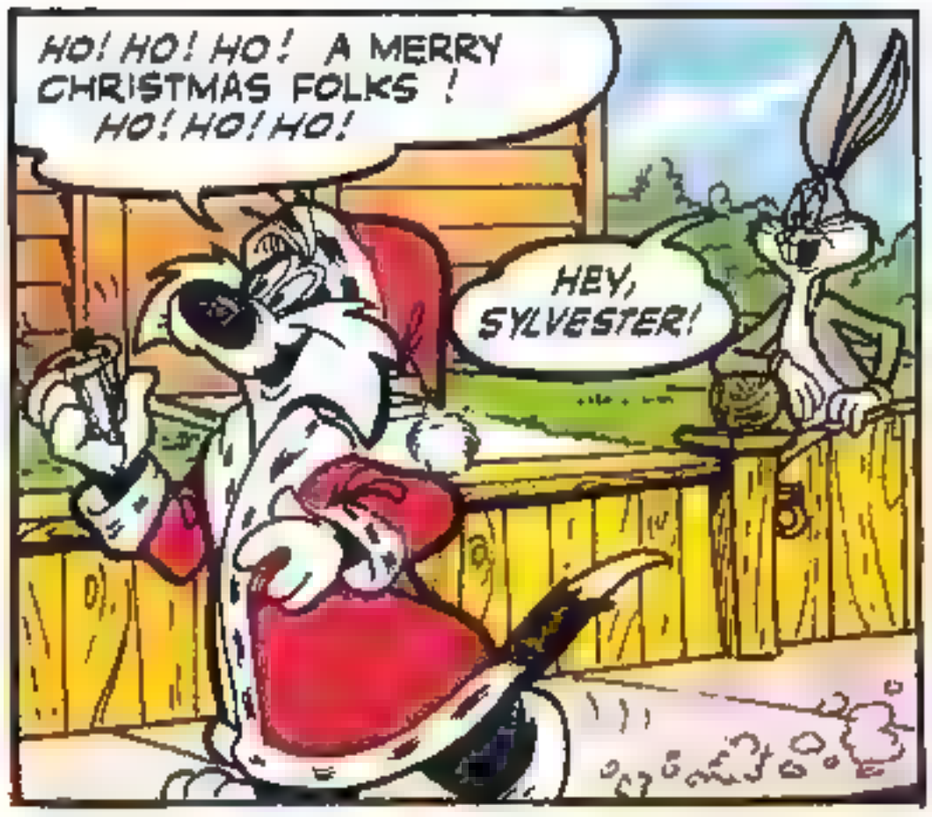
YES, GUV... *HEE-HEE!* AND I THINK WE'D BETTER USE H'IT TO H'EMPLOY A GARDENER, DON'T YOU? *HEE-HEE!*

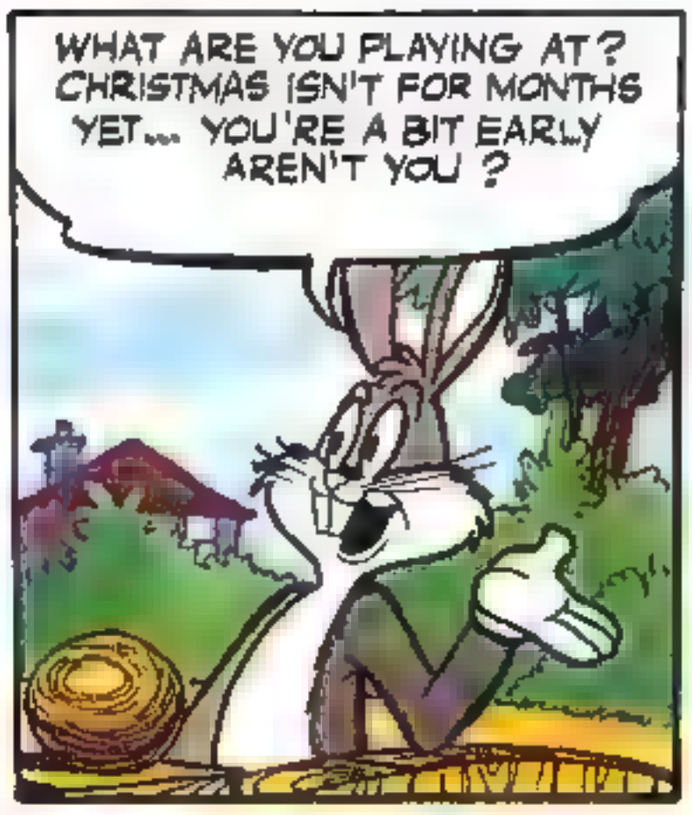
BRUSH MANOR MAZE ADMISSION 6° FIND YOUR OWN WAY OUT

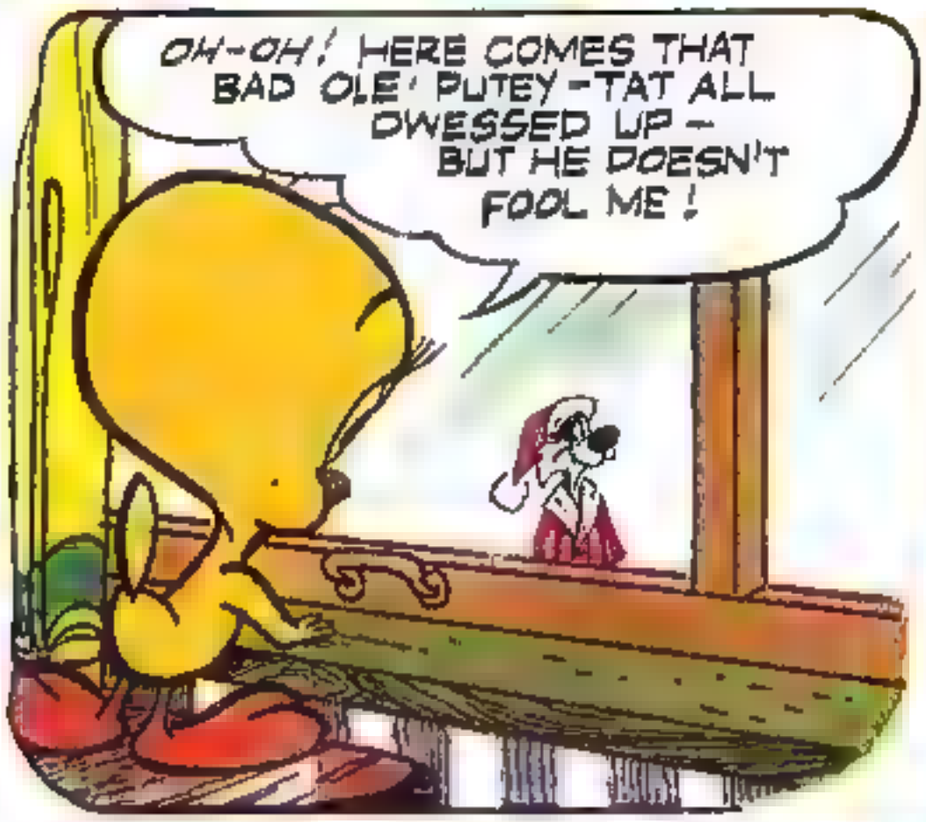
Jungle Jokes

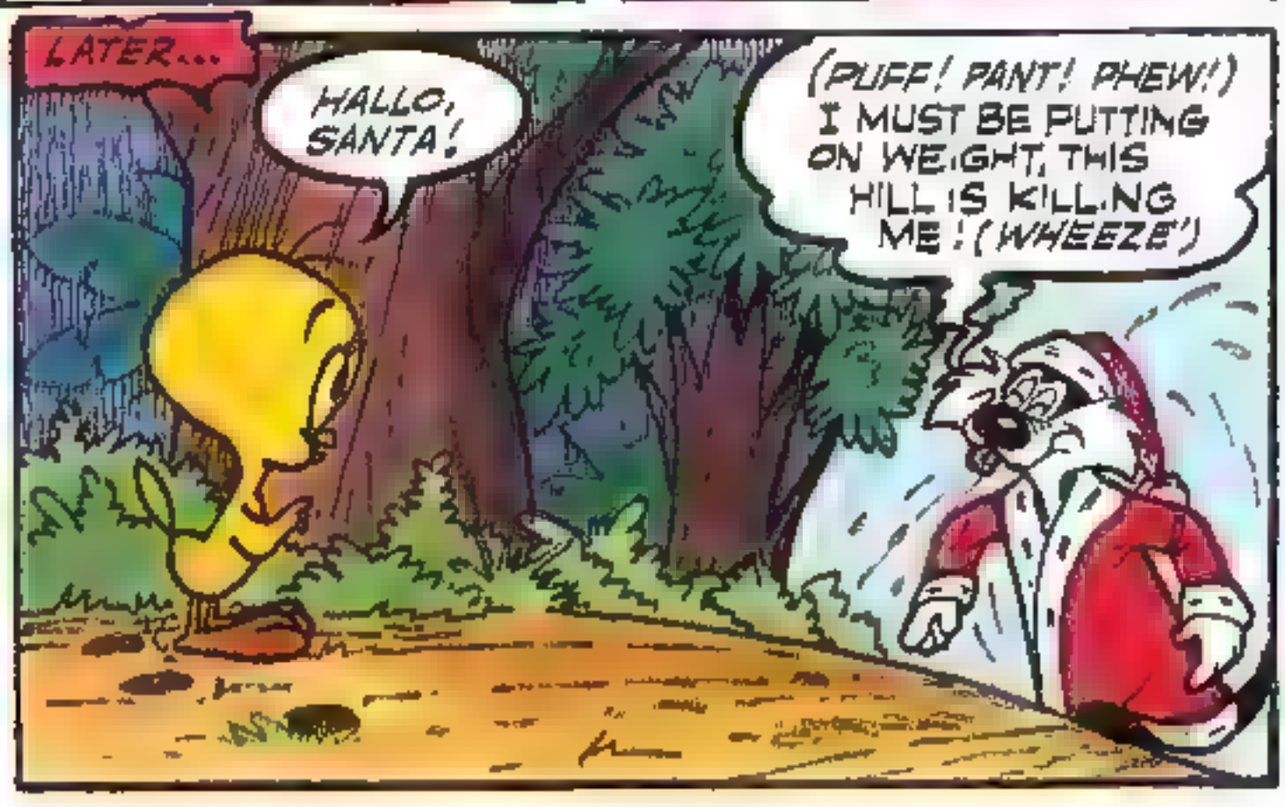


The Bugs Bunny show









Copyright © 1969 Warner Bros-Seven Arts Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc. Racine, Wisconsin U.S.A.

MEET MY FRIEND!

HEY! HE'S A BULL! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF HIM HAVING A BLINDFOLD?

HO! HO! THIS MAY COME AS A SHOCK TO YOU - BUT HE CAN'T SEE ME WHEN HE'S BLINDFOLDED!

OH IT'S GOING TO BE A SURPRISE FOR HIM TOO- HE'LL GET A REAL KICK OUT OF SEEING YOU IN YOUR RED COAT!

RED COAT- WHAT'S HE ON ABOUT? WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT MY COAT?

YEEK! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! BULLS HATE RED- SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M IN TROUBLE AGAIN!

THERE YOU ARE BULL... NOW YOU CAN SEE SANTA'S NICE COAT!

NO WAIT, LISTEN... DON'T TAKE THAT BLINDFOLD OFF... NO HOLD IT! WAIT!

NO! NO! GIMME TIME TO TAKE MY COAT OFF- NO-OOO!

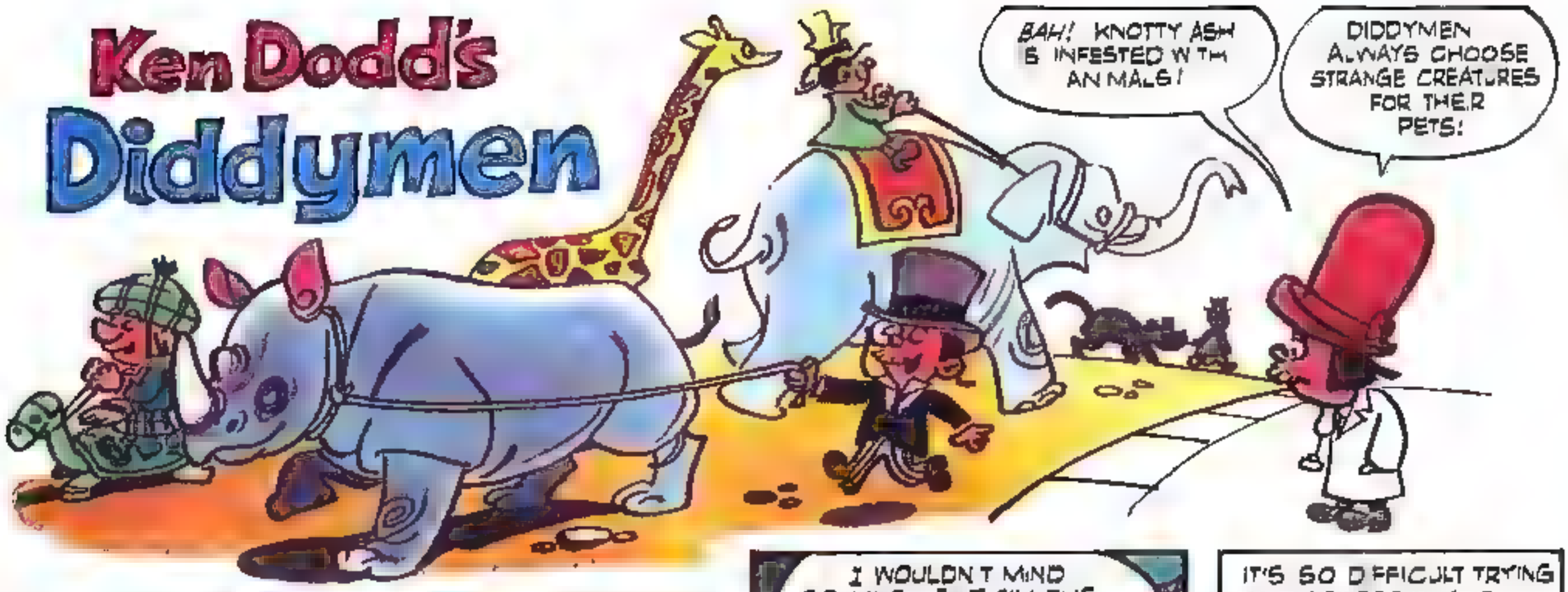
WHUMP!

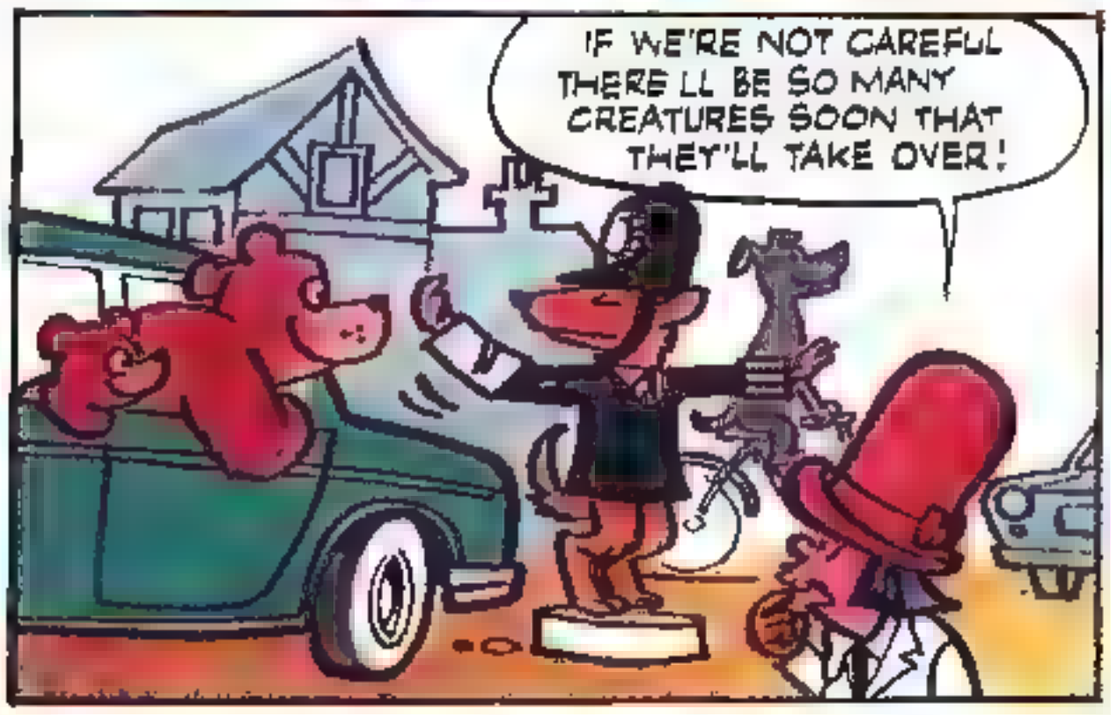
HEY, SYLVESTER! YOU'RE BACK EARLY! WHAT HAPPENED? DID HE FALL FOR IT? HEY! HEY!

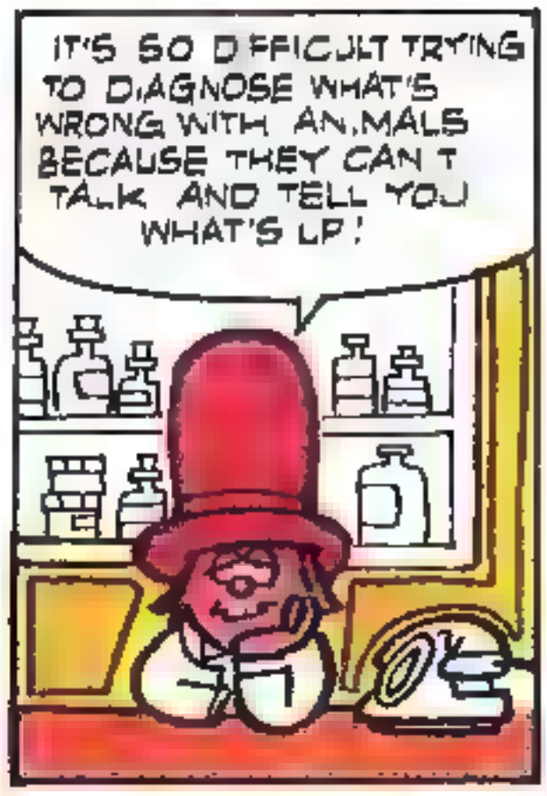
THUD

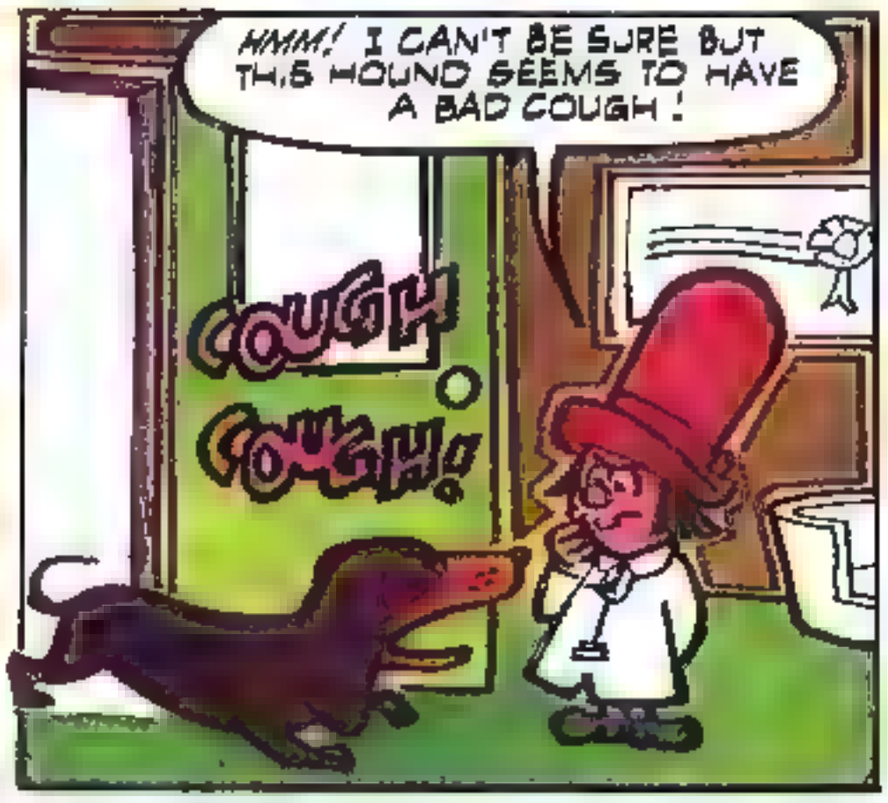
IF THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A JOKE - THEN I DON'T THINK IT'S SO VERY FUNNY! NO HE DID NOT FALL FOR IT! I DID!

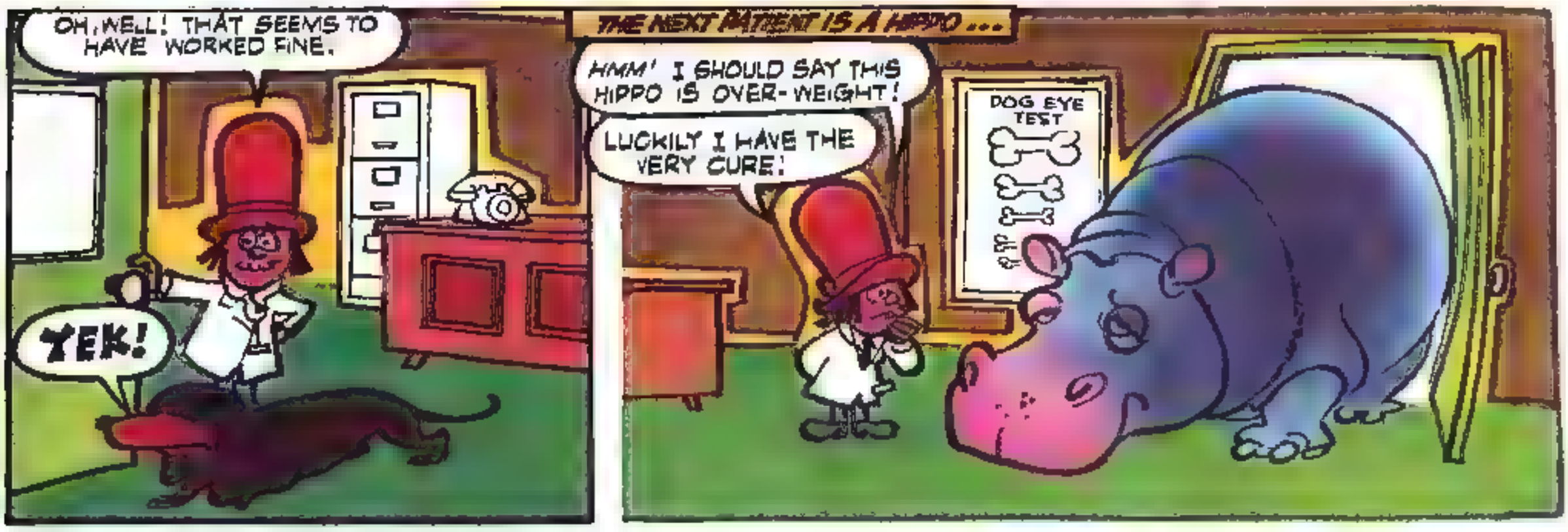
Ken Dodd's Diddymen










OH, WELL! THAT SEEMS TO HAVE WORKED FINE.
YEK!
THE NEXT PATIENT IS A HIPPO...
HMM! I SHOULD SAY THIS HIPPO IS OVER-WEIGHT!
LUCKILY I HAVE THE VERY CURE!
DOG EYE TEST

... A HULA HOOP!

DOG EY TEST

SO...

USE TH.S TREATMENT THREE TIMES A DAY AND YOU'LL SOON BE A TRIM TWO AND A HALF TONS!

A LITTLE LATER...

WHIMPER!

I WONDER?.. COULD IT BE THIS ELEPHANT HAS AN INGROWING TOE NAIL?

YES... I THINK I'M R GHT!

JUST THEN THE ELEPHANT DECIDED TO REST HIS FOOT ON DICKY'S TUMMY...

OOPH!

CRUSH

MINUTES LATER...

OOPH! MY CHEST! LUCKILY THERE'S A DOCTOR'S SURGERY JUST DOWN THE ROAD! GROAN!

AT LEAST I'VE GOT AN ADVANTAGE OVER THE ANIMALS THAT VIS.T ME...

... I MEAN I'LL BE AB.E TO EXPLAIN TO MY DOCTOR EXACTLY WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME AND MAKE SURE OF GETTING THE RIGHT TREATMENT!

SURGERY

SWOON!

OH, NO!

MOOO!

A
B C D
E F G
H I J K

B.Tilcombe.

LARRY HARMON'S

Laurel & Hardy

© 1969, Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation

OLLIE AND STAN ARE ON HOLIDAY IN AFRICA...

IT'S FUN GOING ON SAFARI!

I WONDER IF WE'LL BAG ANY BIG GAME?

TO THE JUNGLE

A LITTLE LATER...

LOOK! ELEPHANT TRACKS!... WE'LL GO ON FOOT FROM NOW ON!

HOW EXCITING!

THESE PRINTS ARE CLEAR... I DON'T THINK IT CAN BE FAR AWAY...

OH, DEAR! I-I'M S-SCARED!

DON'T BE SILLY, STAN!

THERE MUST BE TWO ELEPHANTS... ONE SET OF TRACKS LEADS OFF TO THE RIGHT AND ANOTHER SET TO THE LEFT!

THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE TO SPLIT UP!

SPLIT UP?... OH, NO! DON'T LEAVE ME ON MY OWN!

STOP SNIVELLING AND GO WITH THE WHITE HUNTER... HE'LL LOOK AFTER YOU!

I'LL GO THIS WAY ON MY OWN!

SOB! SNIFF!

OLLIE SOON COMES ACROSS AN ELEPHANT...

THERE'S MY PREY!

... IT'S NO USE, HE'S TOO FRIENDLY TO SHOOT!

I'LL TEACH HIM TO GO POINTING A GUN AT ME!

H-E-Y! WHAT GOES ON?

WHAT A NAUGHTY HUNTER!

WOP WHOP WHOP

YEOW

EEYAAH

W-H-OP!

MEANWHILE...

THE ELEPHANT IS PROBABLY IN THESE BUSHES!

D-D-DEAR, M-ME!

HOW DO I KNOW WHEN TO SHOOT?

WHEN AN ELEPHANT CHARGES IT MAKES A BELLOWING NOISE... YOU'LL HEAR IT COMING AND SEE THE BUSHES RUSTLE!

JUST THEN...

YIKE! THERE'S THE BELLOWING NOISE!..

HOWL

BELLOW!

SNORT!

...AND THE BUSHES ARE RUSTLING! THIS MUST BE IT...

SHAKE

RUSTLE

BLATT!

BLATT!

BLATT!

ARG!

YEOW!

AN ELEPHANT, EH?... WHEN I TRAMPLE ON YOU YOU'LL THINK I'M A HERD OF ELEPHANTS. GRRRR!

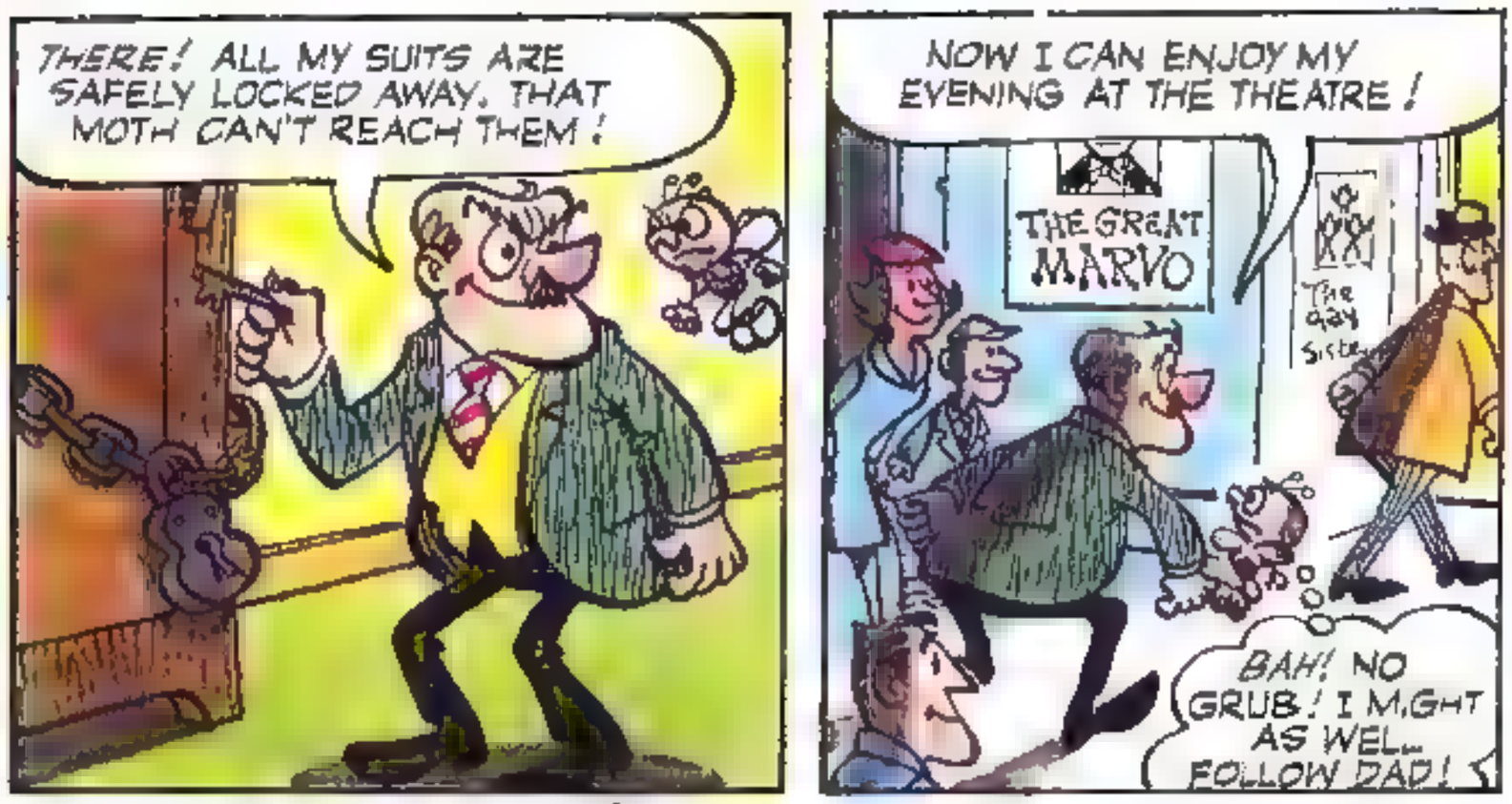
HELP!

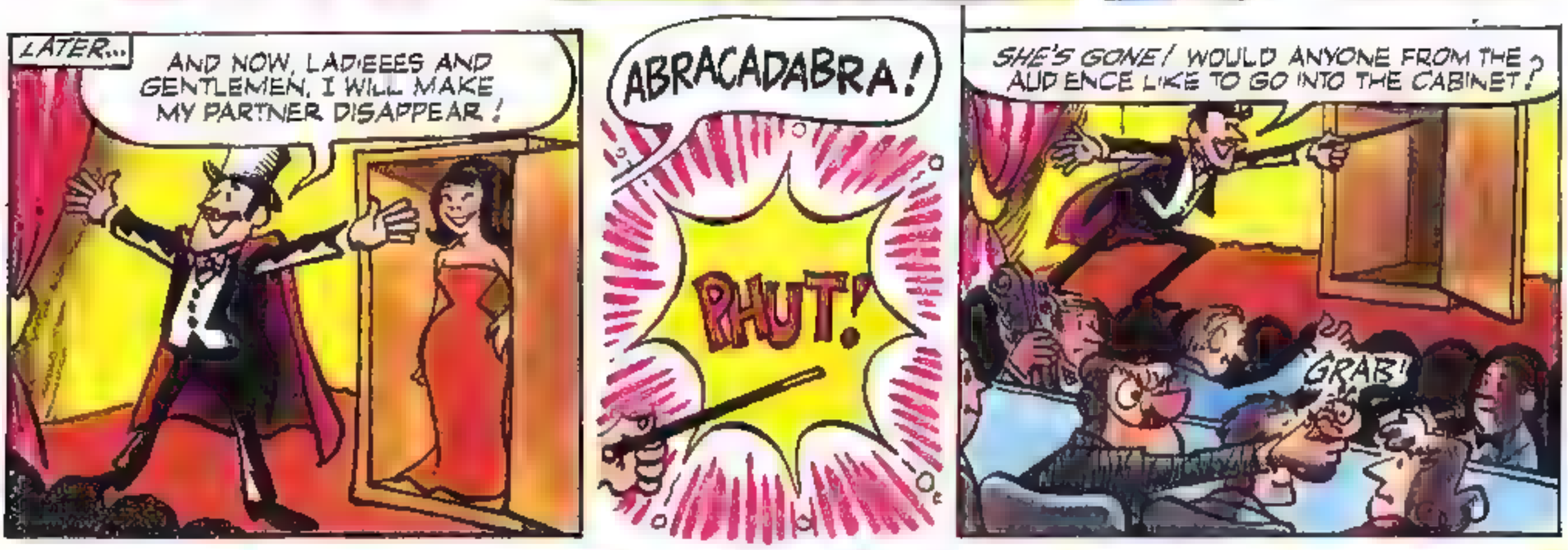
THOSE TWO DON'T NEED ANIMALS TO ENJOY A SAFARI... THEY SEEM TO LIKE SHOOTING EACH OTHER! HAR! HAR!

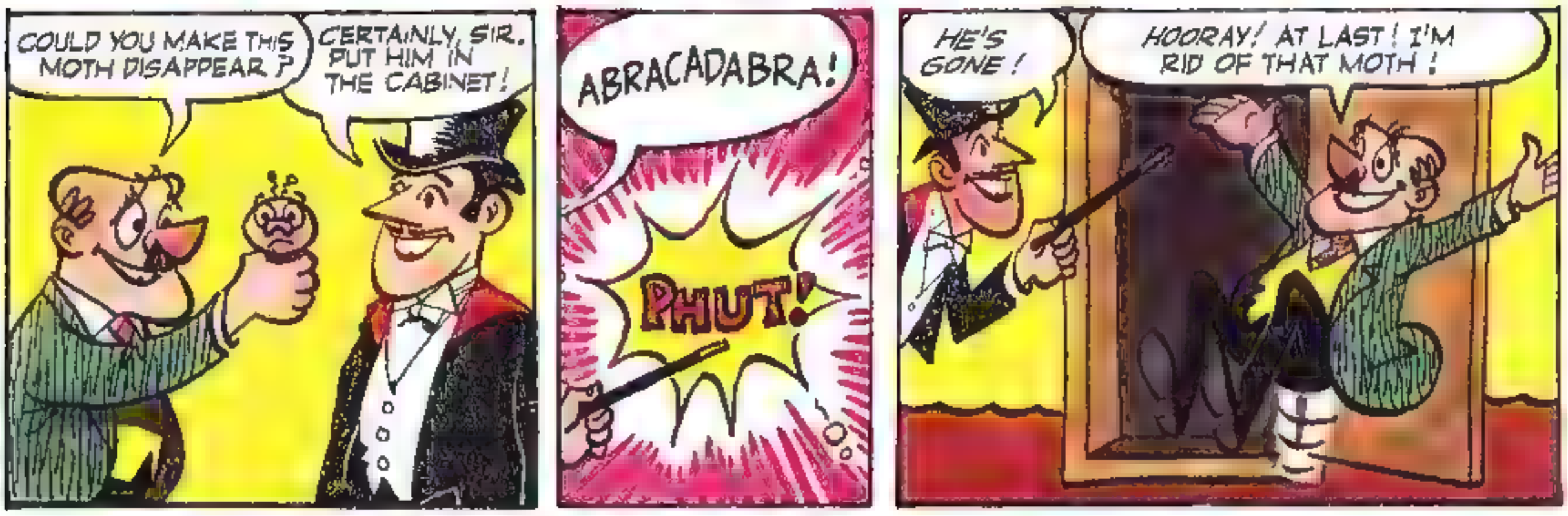
YOU TRIGGER HAPPY TWERP... YOU'VE BLASTED ME BRITCHES!

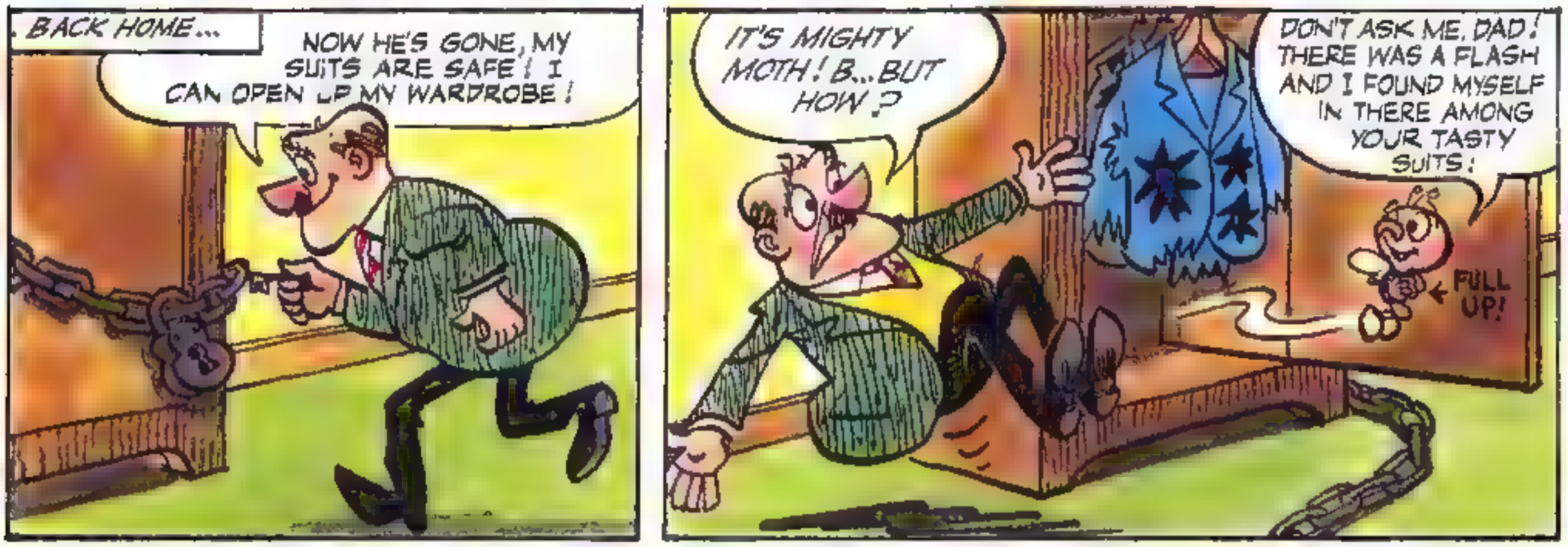
OLLIE...? BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE AN ELEPHANT!

MIGHTY MOTH


THERE! ALL MY SUITS ARE SAFELY LOCKED AWAY. THAT MOTH CAN'T REACH THEM!
NOW I CAN ENJOY MY EVENING AT THE THEATRE!
THE GREAT MARVO
BAH! NO GRUB! I MIGHT AS WEL... FOLLOW DAD!


LATER...
AND NOW, LADIEEES AND GENTLEMEN, I WILL MAKE MY PARTNER DISAPPEAR!
ABRACADABRA!
PHUT!
SHE'S GONE! WOULD ANYONE FROM THE AUDENCE LIKE TO GO INTO THE CABINET?
GRAB!


COULD YOU MAKE THIS MOTH DISAPPEAR?
CERTAINLY, SIR. PUT HIM IN THE CABINET!
ABRACADABRA!
PHUT!
HE'S GONE!
HOORAY! AT LAST! I'M RID OF THAT MOTH!


BACK HOME...
NOW HE'S GONE, MY SUITS ARE SAFE! I CAN OPEN UP MY WARDROBE!
IT'S MIGHTY MOTH! B...BUT HOW?
DON'T ASK ME, DAD! THERE WAS A FLASH AND I FOUND MYSELF IN THERE AMONG YOUR TASTY SUITS!
FULL UP!

THE AVENGERS in Fable Land

Based on the Thames Television production

Carefully, John Steed drove his Rolls in through the large, and rather splendid entrance of a country estate – and then brought the car to a sudden halt. Both he and Tara sat staring in amazement.

There, just inside the gateway, sat a large white rabbit, dressed in a long checked coat, and wearing a high pointed collar and a floppy bow tie. Even more astonishing, the rabbit was consulting a huge pocket-watch.

Then it glanced up at them sharply. "It's rude to stare," it said, "but welcome to Fable Land anyway."

"F . . Fable Land?" stammered Tara King.

"Yes," said the rabbit," Fables, legends, stories . . . all that sort of thing. But do watch out for the Indians. They can be most unpleasant you know. Now I must be off, or I will be late."

With that, he slipped his watch into a waistcoat-pocket and disappeared into some bushes.

"Help!" gasped Tara. "I must be dreaming. That was the White Rabbit from 'Alice in Wonderland'!"

"It certainly was," said Steed, "and you were not dreaming! Come along, Tara, we'll drive up to the house and ask a few questions."

Ahead of them, a wide gravel drive ran across parkland to a large mansion house, half concealed by tall trees.

They had driven half way up to the house when, suddenly, a shrill war-whoop rang out, and a band of redskins, mounted on ponies, came at full gallop from a clump of trees.

"Indians!" gulped Tara. "The White Rabbit said Indians were about, but this is crazy, Steed! This is England!"

"And that's Crazy Horse and his braves riding at us now," said Steed, as an arrow whistled past the car." We're not stopping for pow-wow. Hold on to your scalp!"

With that Steed accelerated up the drive and brought the car to a skidding halt in front of the house.

"Quickly!" he ordered. "Get inside the house."

With not a moment to lose, they dashed up a flight of stone steps, and the front door opened ahead of them. As they rushed in the door closed silently behind them again, and the fierce yells of the redskins were shut out.

They found themselves in a large dark hall, lit only by the uncertain light of an oil lamp. Con-

fronting them was a group of rough soldiers dressed in curious uniforms of a bygone age.

"This really is most extraordinary," murmured Steed. But then a man with a large cockade in his hat, and who seemed to be the officer, stepped forward and spoke.

"Well, Citizen," he demanded. "What is your business in Paris?"

"I don't know about Paris," said Steed, mystified, "but we are making enquiries about the disappearance of the Minister of Records, Sir Percy Pumfrey. His car was found abandoned near here, and we thought somebody in this house might have seen him."

"Nonsense!" growled the officer. "I see through your disguise. You are Charles Darnay, an enemy of the French Republic . . . Arrest them, men! Take them to the Bastille!"

Surrounded by soldiers, Steed and Tara were marched away, down a flight of steps and along a gloomy stone corridor.

"Steed," whispered Tara, "who are these men?"

"Haven't you guessed?" chuckled Steed. "They are characters from the book 'Tale of Two Cities' by Charles Dickens. It was all about the French Revolution, you remember."

Tara was still puzzled. "First the White Rabbit; then Crazy Horse and his braves; and now French soldiers – what on earth is going on?"

"That," said Steed grimly, "is what we have to find out."

The party halted, and one of the soldiers unbolted a massive wooden door, which had a small barred window set in it. It swung open to reveal a dark stone cell, furnished only with a wooden bunk and a layer of straw on the floor. By the light from a candle, they could see that a rather portly gentleman, dressed in a smart city suit, was sitting on the bunk mopping his forehead with a large white handkerchief.

"Sir Percy," exclaimed Steed, and stepped forward, with Tara following close at his heels. The cell door slammed shut behind them and a heavy bolt was shot home.

"Steed, my boy," rumbled Sir Percy, seizing Steed's hand and pumping it vigorously. "By jove, I'm delighted to see you!"

"And we're pleased to find you still in one piece, sir," smiled Steed, "but what's been happening to you?"

"I was kidnapped from my car," said Sir Percy, "and those Frenchmen think I'm an aristocrat and are going to send me to the guillotine."

Steed frowned thoughtfully. "Somebody must be behind all this . . . Let me see now . . . Did you have any enemies at the Ministry of Records?"

"Gracious!" spluttered Sir Percy. "Everybody knows what a splendid chap I am, except perhaps . . ."

"Yes, do go on," said Tara.

"Well . . . there was Silas Bookworm, my Chief Librarian," continued Sir Percy. "A clever

fellow, but always tinkering with some confounded invention he called . . . er – Three Dimensional Books, I think that was its name. Didn't attend to his work, you see. In the end I had to give him the sack . . . Must say, he was very angry at the time."

"Three Dimensional Books, eh?" murmured Steed. "By jingo, maybe that's where all these incredible characters are coming from . . . But first we must get out of here."

For a few moments Steed examined the cell door, then suddenly he asked Sir Percy to lend him his braces.

"My braces?" echoed Sir Percy. "Dash it, Steed, what use can they be?"

"If Tara can squeeze her arm between the bars of the little window in the door, she may be able to lasso the bolt with them," explained Steed.

Rather reluctantly, Sir Percy handed over his braces, and after several attempts Tara managed to loop them over the bolt on the other side of the door. Then, carefully, she drew them back through the little window.

They all heaved together. The elastic stretched and stretched, and then snapped, sending them flying back in a tangled heap. But the bolt had been pulled back and the door creaked open.

Cautiously, Steed peered out. "Come on," he whispered. "The guard is having forty winks."

On tiptoe they crept past the soldier, who was snoring loudly, along the corridor and up the flight of stairs.

At the head of the stairs they came to another door, which led them into a large sitting-room. On the far side of the room, french windows opened out on to gardens at the back of the house.

"Good heavens!" cried Tara. "Look out there!"

There, on a large lawn, were nearly all the characters from 'Alice in Wonderland', playing croquet.

"Incredible!" gasped Tara. "Even the Mad Hatter is there, having tea with the March Hare and the Dormouse, under that tree."

But Sir Percy frowned. "That's not the Mad Hatter," he said. "I agree, it looks like him, but that is Silas Bookworm, all dressed up."

"Come on," said Steed grimly. "It's high time we had a few words with that gentleman!"

The sudden appearance of Steed, Tara, and Sir Percy, as they stepped out through the french windows, created wild panic amongst all the characters on the lawn.

They all started to rush in different directions at once. Tara almost giggled as she watched the confusion. Everyone was bumping into everyone else. Only the Mad March Hare and the Dormouse

remained calm, the Dormouse still being fast asleep.

"Off with their heads!" screamed the Queen of Hearts, and a dozen soldiers rushed towards Steed and Tara.

However, as the soldiers were oblong and flat, just like playing cards, when Tara hit the first one with her handbag they all fell down.

Steed led a dash across the lawn, but the Mad Hatter moved faster. Leaping to his feet, he darted through a door in the tree behind him and slammed it shut.

Steed threw his weight against the door but it would not budge. "Bother!" he exclaimed, "I'll have to pick the lock."

It had been such an astonishing day that Tara didn't seem to find it odd to be speaking to a Dormouse and a March Hare.

"Where has the Mad Hatter gone?" she demanded.

"That's a good riddle," said the March Hare. "What's the answer?"

"He's gone," said the Dormouse sleepily, "to where we've all come from. His Three Dimensional Book machine . . . but you won't catch him . . . yawn."

"Why not?" asked Tara. "Oh, for heaven's sake Dormouse, wake up!"

"What's that?" said the Dormouse, dreamily. "Ummm . . . yes, he's going to produce a lot of bad characters from the books and use them to take over the world . . ."

With that the Dormouse fell fast asleep again.

"I've got the door open," cried Steed. "Come on, that madman, Silas Bookworm, must be stopped!"

They followed Steed through the door and down into a long damp tunnel that ran back towards the house.

"Phew!" panted Sir Percy, as they dashed along. "I can't keep this up. I'm right out of puff . . . !" But just then a light showed ahead.

The tunnel sloped steeply upwards, and moments later they were out and found themselves in an enormous library.

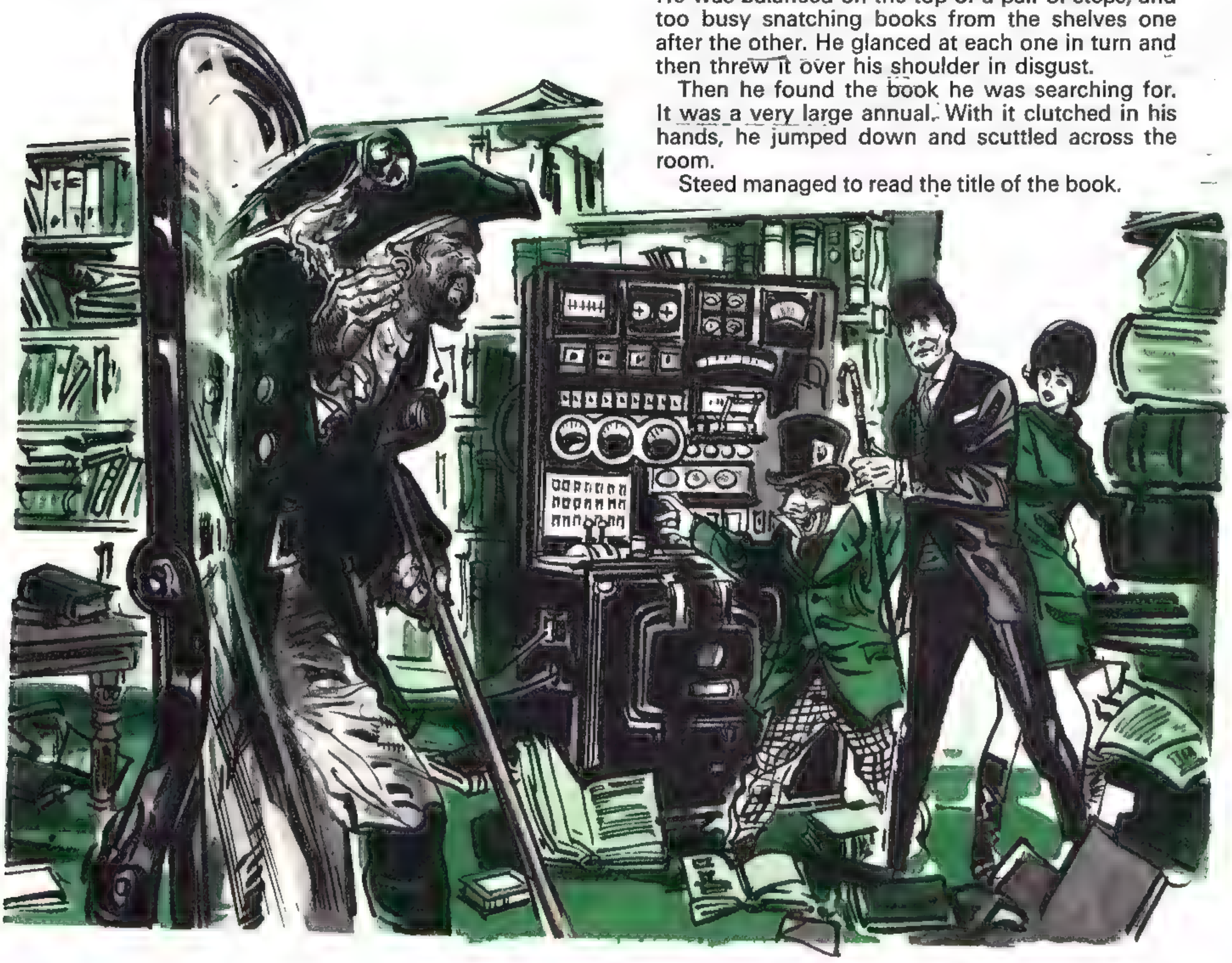
On all sides, shelves, bulging with books, swept up from floor to ceiling, and great mountains of books and magazines were littered all over the carpet.

At the far end of the room stood a fantastic machine, that looked something like a vast gas cooker, but with the splash-plate at the back covered with rows of dials, knobs, switches and lights. Behind the machine was a huge mirror which seemed to have a mist swirling in it.

The Mad Hatter did not notice them enter. He was balanced on the top of a pair of steps, and too busy snatching books from the shelves one after the other. He glanced at each one in turn and then threw it over his shoulder in disgust.

Then he found the book he was searching for. It was a very large annual. With it clutched in his hands, he jumped down and scuttled across the room.

Steed managed to read the title of the book.



"'The Boy's Book of Villains'!" he shouted. "Stop him!"

But it was too late. The Mad Hatter wrenched open a door in the front of the machine and popped the book into an oven-like compartment.

"Too late!" he chuckled gleefully. "My machine will now materialise all the characters in that book, and they will obey my orders."

A deep hum came from the machine, and rows of lights began to flash all over the control panel.

Frantically, Steed started pulling switches and knobs, but the Hatter only laughed.

"Nothing can stop it now," he cackled." Soon I will have a legion of villains at my command . . . See, the first one is coming now!"

They all looked up at the great mirror. A figure could be seen forming in the mist. Then a blood curdling voice rang out:

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest
Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum . . ."

"Long John Silver!" gasped Tara. "From Treasure Island."

With that the terrible old pirate, with his parrot on his shoulder, came limping out of the mirror and into the room.

"Avast there, Hatter," he bellowed. "What are your orders, shipmate?"

"Kill them!" cried the Hatter. "Kill the landlubbers!"

Long John Silver gave a wicked grin and pulled a brace of pistols from his belt. It was a desperate moment, but then Steed hurled his bowler hat straight at a huge pile of books balanced on each other close by Silver.

The pirate tried to dodge, but he was too late to avoid the avalanche of dusty books that crashed down on him.

"Pieces of Eight! Pieces of Eight!" shrieked the parrot as it flew off his shoulder.

"He's out for the count now," laughed Tara.

But Steed was already searching desperately along the book shelves.

"Hold off any more villains till I fix the machine," he called.

Another figure loomed in the mirror, but Tara didn't wait to find out who it was.

"Help me, Sir Percy," she cried, and hurled a heavy encyclopaedia into the mist. The figure hastily disappeared.

"I've got it," shouted Steed in triumph, and he thrust another book into the machine.

"Come on, we're taking Silas Bookworm with us and getting out of here," he said, as he grabbed the Hatter by the wrist.

"What have you done, Steed?" asked Tara, as, together, they dragged the protesting Hatter across the library.

"No . . . no time to explain now," grunted Steed as he struggled. "We must get clear quickly!"

Just before they left the room Tara glanced back. The machine seemed to be going mad. It was shaking and quivering like a jelly and lights were flashing on and off all over its board.

Yells and screams were coming from the misty mirror behind it where, it appeared, dozens of figures were locked in combat.

For one moment, a figure showed up clearly, but then plunged back again into the battle.

"Robin Hood!" gasped Tara. But then they went through the door and dashed down a short flight of steps to a side entrance to the house.

Next moment they were out of the house and once again in the garden.

"You haven't won yet, Steed," snarled the Hatter. "Crazy Horse and his braves will get you yet!"

Sure enough, as they peered round the corner at the front of the house they saw the redskin

chief and his warriors waiting close by the Rolls Royce.

"Oh!" groaned Tara. "We're trapped!"

"Wait just a moment, Tara," chuckled Steed, and as he spoke a tremendous din broke out from somewhere inside the house.

The front door burst open, and to Tara's surprise a troop of cavalry soldiers came galloping out and thundered down the wide stone steps to the drive.

At the head of them rode a dashing young officer with long blond hair flying in the breeze behind him.

The Indians took one look and then fled for their lives.

"Colonel Custer!" said Tara in a weak voice.

"I rather thought he would show up," smiled Steed. "You see, it was 'The Boy's Book of Heroes' that I fed into the machine. Now all the good guys are fighting the baddies."

"And the good guys always win," laughed Tara as she watched the gallant colonel chasing the Indians away across the grass.

Then there was an enormous explosion inside the house. The windows of the library blew out followed by a great cloud of smoke and a shower of flying books.

"What on earth was that?" demanded Sir Percy.

"That, sir, was the machine," said Steed. "It was trying to produce villians and heroes at the same time, and it was too much for its works . . . Fable Land has just blown up I'm afraid."

Sure enough, Colonel Custer, his men, and all the redskins had suddenly vanished. All around them it was just peaceful countryside again.

Thankfully, they sat the crestfallen Silas Bookworm in the back of the Rolls, and Sir Percy climbed in beside him.

Tara was about to get into the front seat when a thought struck her.

"Steed," she said. "It was jolly clever of you to finish off that terrible machine, but . . . but perhaps you've destroyed all the characters out of books at the same time!"

"Oh!" said Steed. "I hadn't thought of that. It would be dreadful if there are no characters left in all the books and magazines that have been written!"

"Don't talk utter rubbish!" said a stern voice behind them.

They spun round. Close by them, sunning itself on the steps sat a large cat. It looked up and gave them a haughty smile.

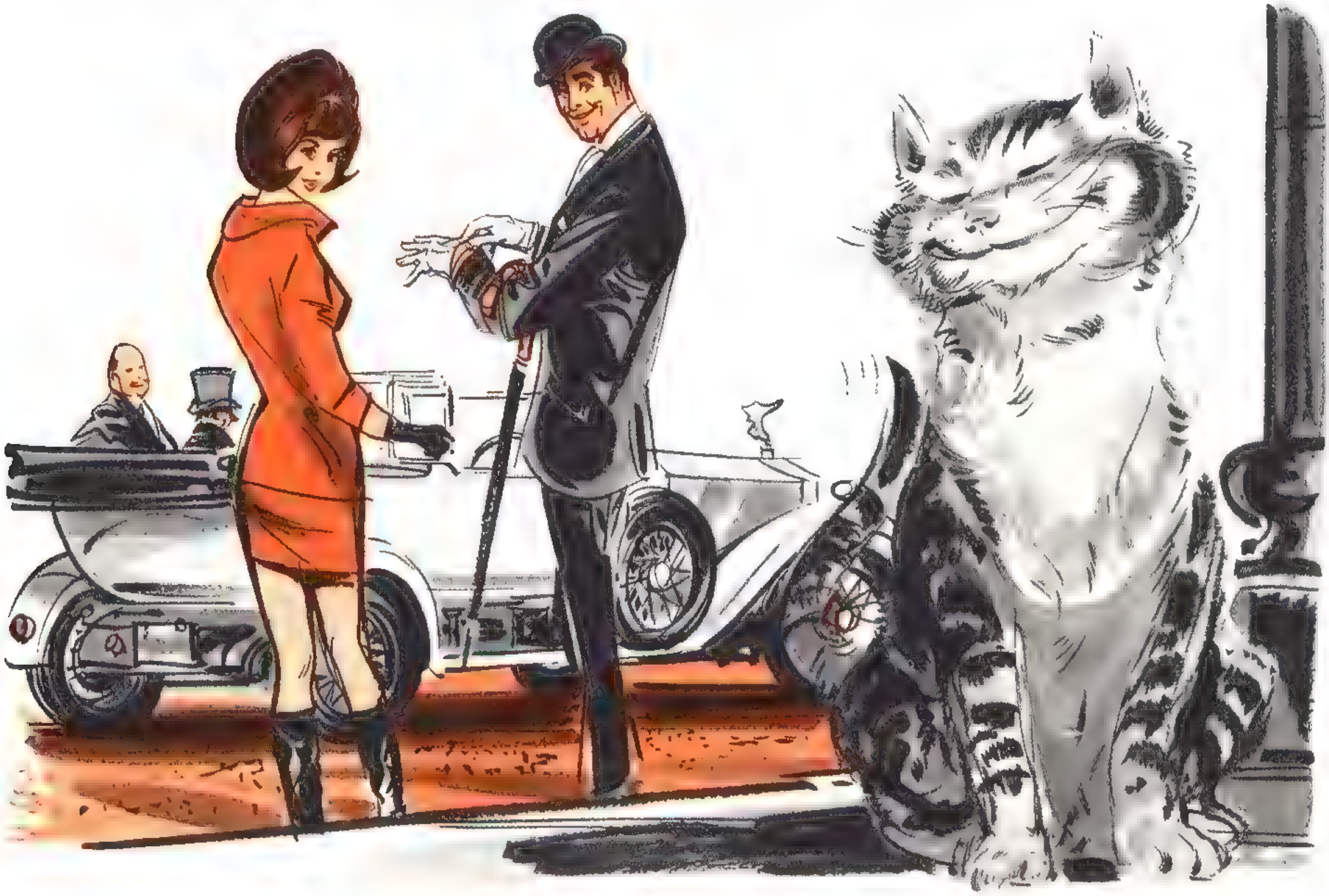
"You can never destroy us," it said. "We people of Fable Land are immortal."

"And who are you?" asked Tara eagerly.

But there was no reply. The cat had faded into thin air. Only its smile lingered for a few moments. Then, that too disappeared.

"The Cheshire Cat," breathed Tara . . . "Still, at least we know Fable Land still exists in books, Steed."

"Thank goodness for that," said Steed. "Come along, Tara. I'll treat you to a nice cream tea. I think we have earned it."



BASIL BRUSH

OH CRUMBS, GUV! I MUST HAVE COME H OUT WITHOUT THE FRONT DOOR KEY... AND I KNOW THE REAR S LOCKED UP.

GREAT, ACANT HEADED VALETS! WELL DON T JUST STAND THERE CHUMMERS. FETCH THE LADDER..

ERE T S. GUV

HMM I LL HAVE TO TRY AND GET \ THAT WINDOW ON THE STA RCASE... OTHERW SE WE COULD BE SHUT OUT FOR WEEKS.

OOOOO, DO BE CAREFUL GUV!

UST HOLD THE LADDER STEADY, CHUMMERS... AND LEAVE THE REST TO EXPERTS L KE BAS ....

BUT BAS L HAS DONE IT AGA N...

CRACK!

...BRUSHOWWW!

CRASH!

GUV! GUV!

OOOH!

OUCH!

BANG!

OOOOFF!

SMASH!

OOOO! NOW I KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN BY BREAK NG AND ENTER NG

GUV DON T YOU HEAR ME CALL NG? I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED WHY I AVEN T GOT THE KEY... I D DN T BOTHER TO LOCK THE FRONT DOOR WHEN WE LEFT.

GROAN.

ARTHUR!

and his Square Knights of the Round Table

BROADBASE IS ATTACKING ARTHUR'S MEN...

AWK! DOINK OUCH! TWANG! THAT'S IT, MEN... GIVE 'EM THE WORKS! HA! HA!

AR! CLONK CLONK ERK!

BROADBASE DOES ALL THE ATTACKING... IT'S ABOUT TIME WE ATTACKED HIS CASTLE!

LANCELOT PRODUCES A MAP OF BROADBASE'S CASTLE...

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO ATTACK BROADBASE'S CASTLE, SIRE... IT'S SURROUNDED BY A VERY WIDE AND DEEP MOAT!

MOAT...? IT'S MORE LIKE A LAKE!

CASTLE BROADBASE

DEEP MOAT

LATER...

A GREAT ATTACK... LET'S CLEAR OFF AND PREPARE ANOTHER!

HURRAH! FOR BATTLING BROADBASE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT, LANCELOT... WE'LL HAVE TO FORM A NAVY!

... AND YOU CAN BE THE ADMIRAL!

WHO ME...? B-BUT I'VE NEVER SET FOOT ON A BOAT IN MY LIFE!

SO ARTHUR DECIDES TO TRAIN LANCELOT...

YOU CAN FLOAT AROUND MY MOAT FOR A LITTLE WHILE IN THIS TIN BATH... THEN WE'LL FIND OUT WHETHER OR NOT YOU'RE THE TYPE WHO GETS SEA-SICK!

OH, D-DEAR! I-I'M SO F-FRIGHTENED, S-SIRE!

HAW! HAW!

DEAR ME... I FEAR THAT SUIT OF ARMOUR IS TOO HEAVY FOR AN ADMIRAL TO WEAR ABOARD SHIP!

HELP! I'M SINKING!

YOU'LL MAKE A FINE ADMIRAL, LANCELOT... WE'LL GET YOU A UNIFORM SO THAT YOU DON'T SINK NEXT TIME! HE! HE!

GROAN! MOAN! SPLUTTER!

WORK BEGINS ON THE BOAT...

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, MEN... WITH LUCK WE'LL BE READY TO START OUT FOR BROADBASE'S CASTLE IN THE MORNING!

NEXT MORNING...

MAGNIFICENT! IT'S READY!

NOW WE'LL CARRY THE BOAT TO THE EDGE OF BROADBASE'S MOAT! LIFT!

I LIKE THE WAY HE SAYS WE... THE ONLY THING HE'LL BE CARRYING IS THE CROWN ON HIS HEAD!

HOLD ON A MINUTE.... HOW ARE WE GOING TO ATTACK BROADBASE'S CASTLE WITHOUT CANNONS AND CATAPULTS!

EH?

STD JM

SO...

PHEW!

IT WEIGHS TWICE AS MUCH NOW!

I'LL LOAD THE BOAT UP WITH WEAPONS!

GRUNT!

CLONK

A LITTLE LATER...

OKAY! LET'S GO!

PUFF!

STAGGER

PANT!

PHEW!

PLOD

AFTER A MILE...

KEEP GOING... WE'RE NEARLY THERE!

GROAN!

PHEW!

GRUNT!

STAGGER

PLOD

WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT BROADBASE'S MOAT...

HERE WE ARE..!

OH, NO!

HARD LUCK, ARTHUR... THERE'S BEEN A DROUGHT! HA! HA! HA!

MOAN!

PUFF!

BAH! NOW WE CAN'T ATTACK!

GOOD JOB REALLY... I DON'T THINK OUR MEN COULD'VE PUT UP MUCH OF A FIGHT!

PHEW!

DOCTOR WHO

THE WORLD'S LEADING MILITARY BRAINS ARE ASSEMBLED AT A U.S. AIRBASE TO VIEW THE FIRST TEST FLIGHT OF A SECRET ROCKET-POWERED FIGHTER KNOWN AS THE DART...

THIS WILL BE THE DART'S FIRST PILOTED FLIGHT, GENTLEMEN... IT WILL BE TRANSPORTED TO FORTY THOUSAND FEET AND THEN RELEASED FROM THE BELLY OF THIS BOMBER TO GO THROUGH ITS PACES!

US AIR FORCE

IF YOU'LL COME INTO THE BRIEFING ROOM I'LL SHOW YOU EXACTLY WHAT PATTERN THE TEST FLIGHT WILL TAKE, ON THE DRAWING BOARD!

EXCELLENT!

AT THAT MOMENT STRANGE NOISES HERALD THE MATERIALISATION OF THE TARDIS...

BLEEP!

BLEEP!

ARE MY SENSES PLAYING TRICKS?

WHAT BLACK MAGIC IS THIS?... A SHAPE FORMING BEFORE OUR EYES!

DOCTOR WHO... IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I LAST SAW YOU! YOU COULDN'T HAVE ARRIVED AT A BETTER TIME... WE'RE TESTING A NEW TOP SECRET PLANE.

SOUNDS INTERESTING, COMMANDER KNIGHT!

LET ME INTRODUCE DOCTOR WHO, GENTLEMEN... FEW MEN KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT AVIATION AS HE DOES!

HONOURED TO KNOW YOU!

YES... LIKE WISE!

IN THE BRIEFING ROOM... AN HOUR LATER...

US AIR FORCE

YOU WILL ALL BE ABOARD THE BOMBER AND WILL SEE THE PILOT LOWER HIMSELF INTO THE DART!...

...HE WILL THEN FIRE THE ROCKET MOTORS AND BEGIN THE TEST FLIGHT... NOW I SUGGEST WE BOARD THE B52 AND GET ON WITH THE REAL THING!

© BBC TV 1969

WITH ITS CARGO OF BRAINS THE MIGHTY BOEING LIFTS SKYWARDS...

FULL THRUST... CLIMBING TO FORTY THOUSAND FEET!

BUT THERE ARE OTHERS ABOARD...

THIS IS SCOUT 2 TO CYBER-CONTROL... WE ARE IN P-O-S-I-T-I-O-N !

FAR OUT IN SPACE A FORCE OF CYBER-CRAFT AWAIT AN ORDER TO CLOSE IN ON THE B52...

THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO STRIKE A DEVASTATING BLOW AGAINST EARTH AND SNATCH ALL THEIR LEADING MILITARY MINDS IN ONE SWOOP!

INSIDE THE BOMBER'S FUSELAGE...

YOU WILL REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE! THE DART TEST FLIGHT WILL NOT BE TAKING PLACE... IN A FEW MOMENTS CYBER-CRAFT WILL HAVE SURROUNDED THIS AIRCRAFT!

GREAT POWERS!

ALL REMAIN PERFECTLY STILL...EXCEPT THE DARING DOCTOR!...

SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE! HERE GOES!

CHUTE INTO DART

LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE GIVING THE DART ITS FIRST TEST FLIGHT!

MY RAY MACHINE WILL END THE DOCTOR'S BID TO SPOIL OUR P-L-A-N-S!

CHUTE INTO DART

THUD

NO YOU DON'T

IF THE DOCTOR CAN FIND SUCH COURAGE... SO CAN WE! GET THEM!

DR. WHO DIVES AWAY JUST AS THE CYBER-CRAFT APPEAR IN THE SKY ALL AROUND HIM...

NOW TO PUT THE DART THROUGH HER PACES...WONDER HOW SHE'LL PERFORM AGAINST FIVE CYBER-ROCKET-PLANES?

THAT'S ONE!... LOOKS LIKE THE FIGHTERS ARE ESCORTING SOMETHING MUCH BIGGER!

BOOM

USAF

SO THAT'S THEIR GAME... THEY PLAN TO TRANSFER EARTH'S MOST BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS INTO THAT CRAFT AND KIDNAP 'EM!

INSIDE THE B52 THE CYBERMEN HAVE CRUSHED THE SCIENTISTS' REVOLT...

IT IS FOOLISH TO RESIST...YOU WILL ENTER THE CYBER-CRAFT WITHOUT CAUSING FURTHER TROUBLE OR YOU WILL D-I-E!

THE BIG ONE'S MY TARGET... THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SWITCH THE SCIENTISTS ABOARD IF I BLOW IT OUT OF THE SKY!

BINGO!

WHUMPH!

THE EXPLOSION JOLTS THE BOEING ALARMINGLY...

A-A-H!

UH!

U.S. GROUND CONTROL WATCH THE ACTION FROM THE AIRFIELD...

WHAT A PLANE... LOOK AT IT OPERATE!

IT'S INDESTRUCTIBLE!

LATER, BACK ON THE GROUND...

BOOM

THAT'S THE LAST OF THE CYBER PLANES... WELL DONE, DOC!

THE DART COULDN'T HAVE HAD A TOUGHER FIRST MISSION, DOC... THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!

IF YOU EVER WANT A JOB AS A TEST PILOT, YOU KNOW THERE'S ONE WAITING FOR YOU!

NICE OF YOU TO MAKE THE OFFER! FAREWELL!

Larry Harmon's

Laurel & Hardy

© 1969 Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation

WE'RE FLAT BROKE, OLLIE... WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

BEATS ME.

OH, BOY! A NEW OUTFIT... I'LL SNEAK ALONG AND GET IT BEFORE STAN SEES THIS ADVERT! HE! HE!

NEWS

NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES GIVEN TO NEEDY MEN

A LITTLE LATER...

CAN I BORROW YOUR SHOES, STANLEY? MINE ARE TATTERED AND BATTERED.

BUT I WANT TO GO OUT FOR A WALK.

SO THE TWO FRIENDS SHARE...

HOP HOP

MINUTES LATER.

I HAVE IMPORTANT BUSINESS IN HERE, STAN... I'LL HAVE TO WEAR BOTH SHOES OR THEY'LL CHUCK ME OUT.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO WEAR WHILE I WAIT OUTSIDE?

WELFARE OFFICE

AS USUAL OLLIE GETS HIS WAY...

BAH! FINE FRIEND HE IS LEAVING ME OUT HERE IN A PUDDLE WITH ONLY SOGGY SOCKS OVER MY FEET!

WELFARE OFFICE

INSIDE THE WELFARE OFFICE...

I'VE COME ABOUT THE NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES... I HOPE IT'S QUALITY CLOBBER...

I MEAN JUST BECAUSE I'VE FALLEN ON HARD TIMES YOU CAN'T EXPECT A DIGNIFIED CHAP LIKE ME TO WEAR RAGS.

WELL REALLY!

OUT! WE ONLY GIVE NEW OUTFITS TO PEOPLE THAT REALLY NEED THEM... NOT YOUR TYPE!

A NEW OUTFIT, EH?... WHY THE FAT ROTTER DIDN'T TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT THAT.

WELFARE OFFICE

WHUMP

YOW!

YOU'RE MORE THE KIND OF CHAP WE TRY TO HELP.. COME INTO MY OFFICE!

WELFARE OFFICE

SIZZLE

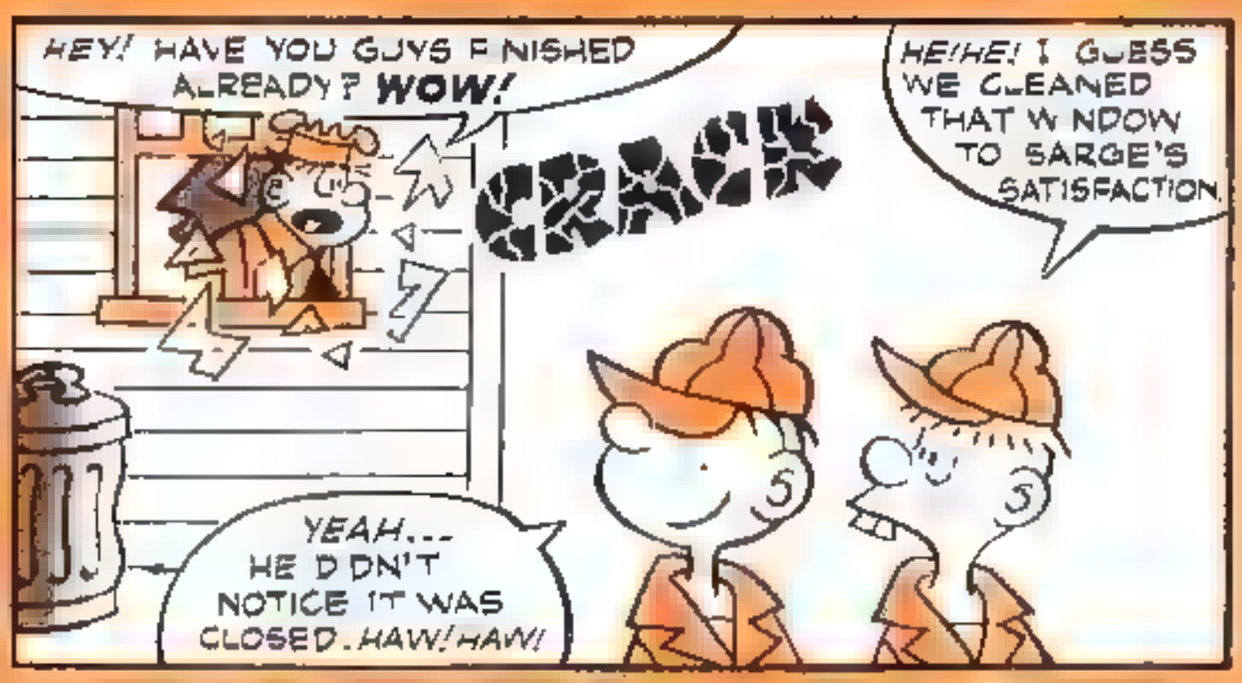
AWK!

MINUTES LATER...

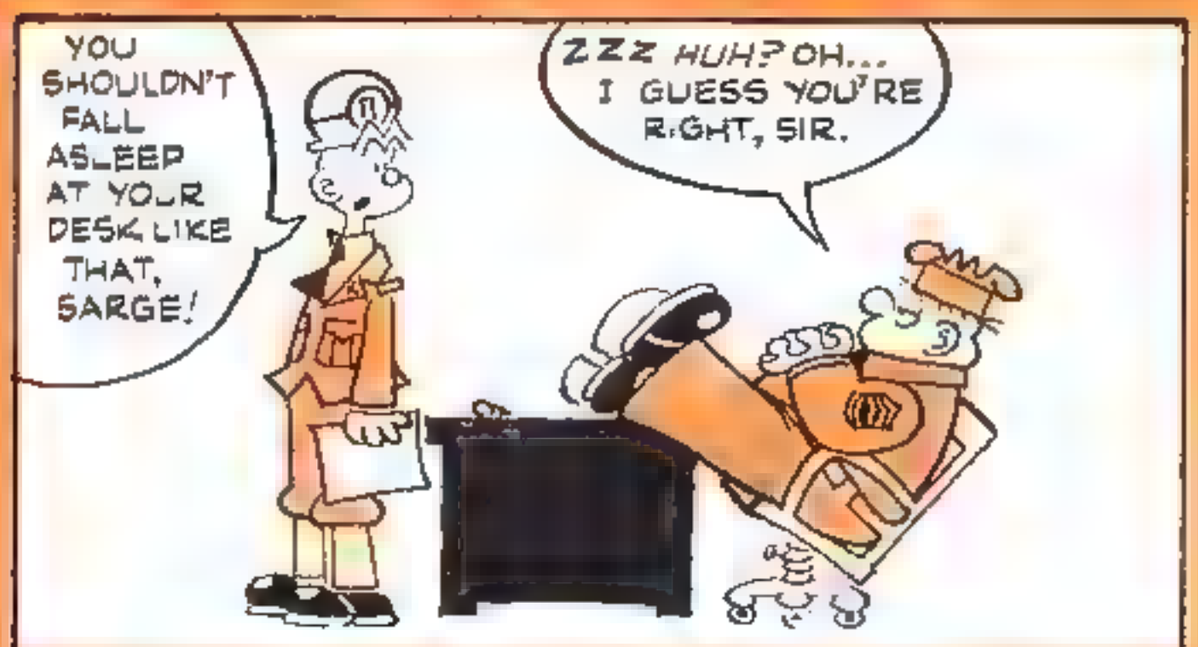
HERE'S A FEW COPPERS FOR YOU, MY MAN... I CAN AFFORD IT OUT OF THE POUND THE WELFARE OFFICER GAVE ME FOR A SLAP UP FEED. HE, HE!

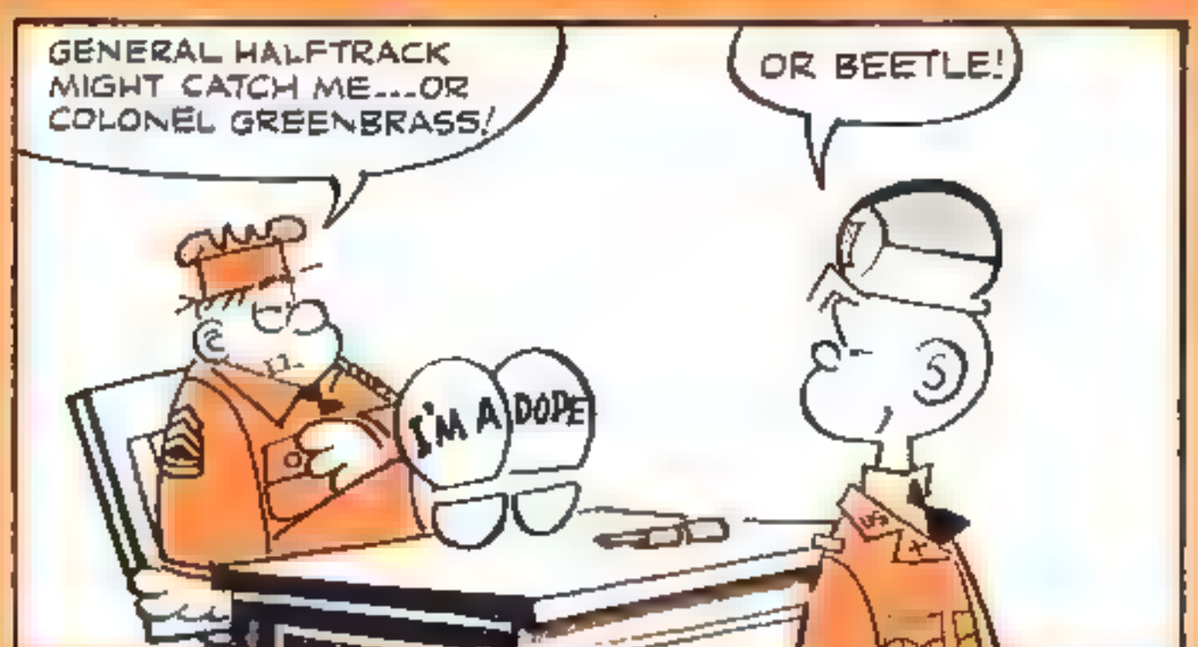
ENVY!

Beetle Bailey's Diary


HEY! HAVE YOU GUYS FINISHED ALREADY? WOW!
CRACK
HE!HE! I GUESS WE CLEANED THAT WINDOW TO SARGE'S SATISFACTION.
YEAH... HE D DN'T NOTICE IT WAS CLOSED. HAW! HAW!

After the window episode Sarge took a nap . . .



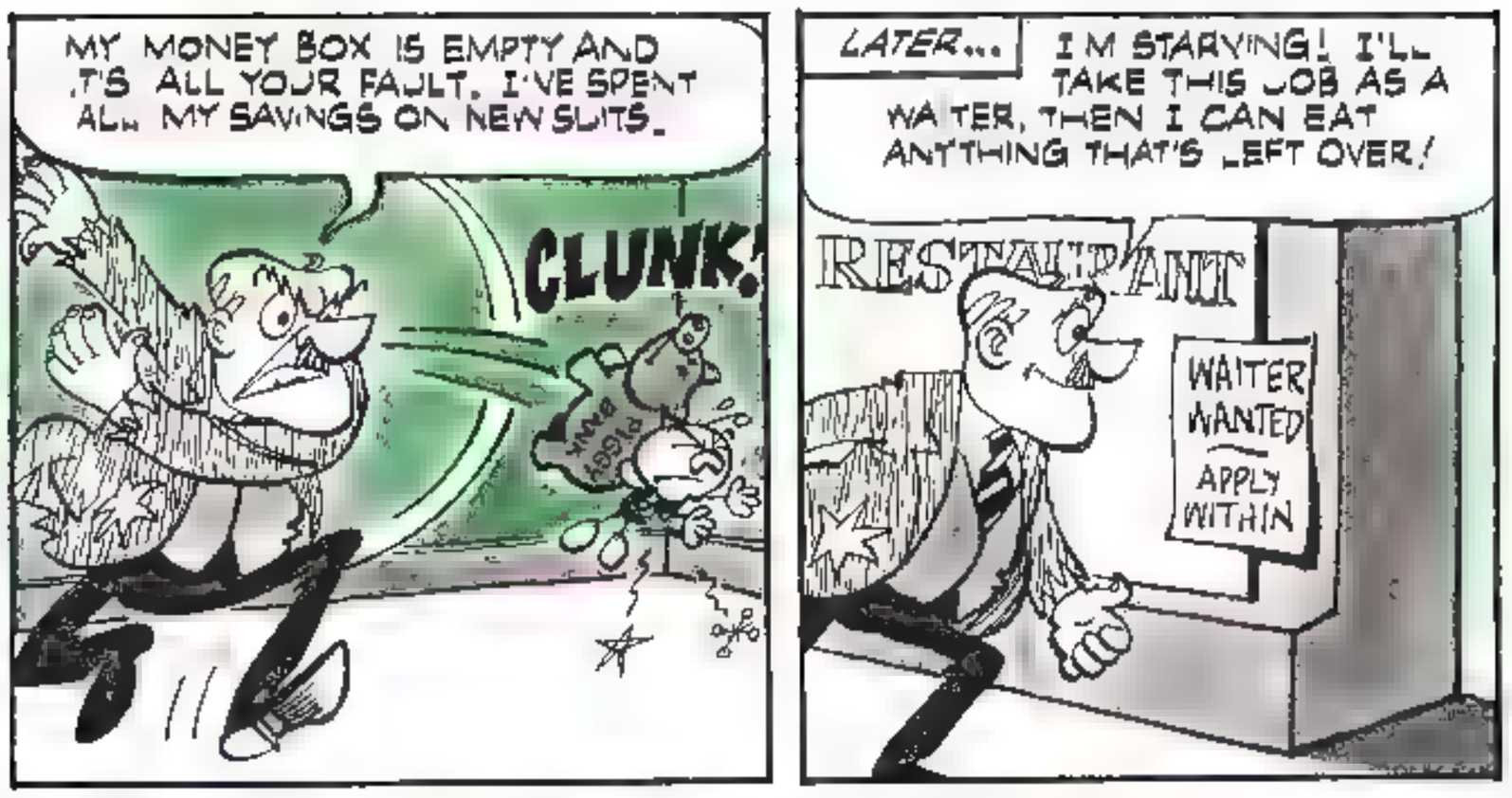


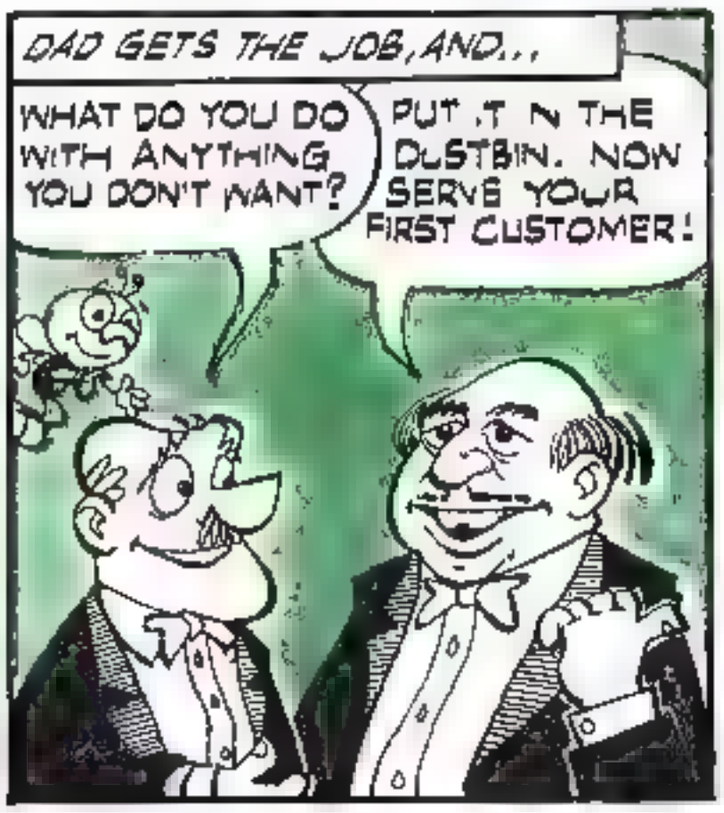
Later Sarge was explaining something to the Captain . . .

At the end of the day Sarge and I decided to take a shower . . .

© 1969 Kings Features Syndicate Inc.

MIGHTY MOTH


MY MONEY BOX IS EMPTY AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT. I'VE SPENT ALL MY SAVINGS ON NEW SUITS.
CLUNK!
PIGGY BANK
LATER...
I'M STARVING! I'LL TAKE THIS JOB AS A WAITER, THEN I CAN EAT ANYTHING THAT'S LEFT OVER!
RESTAURANT
WAITER WANTED
APPLY WITHIN

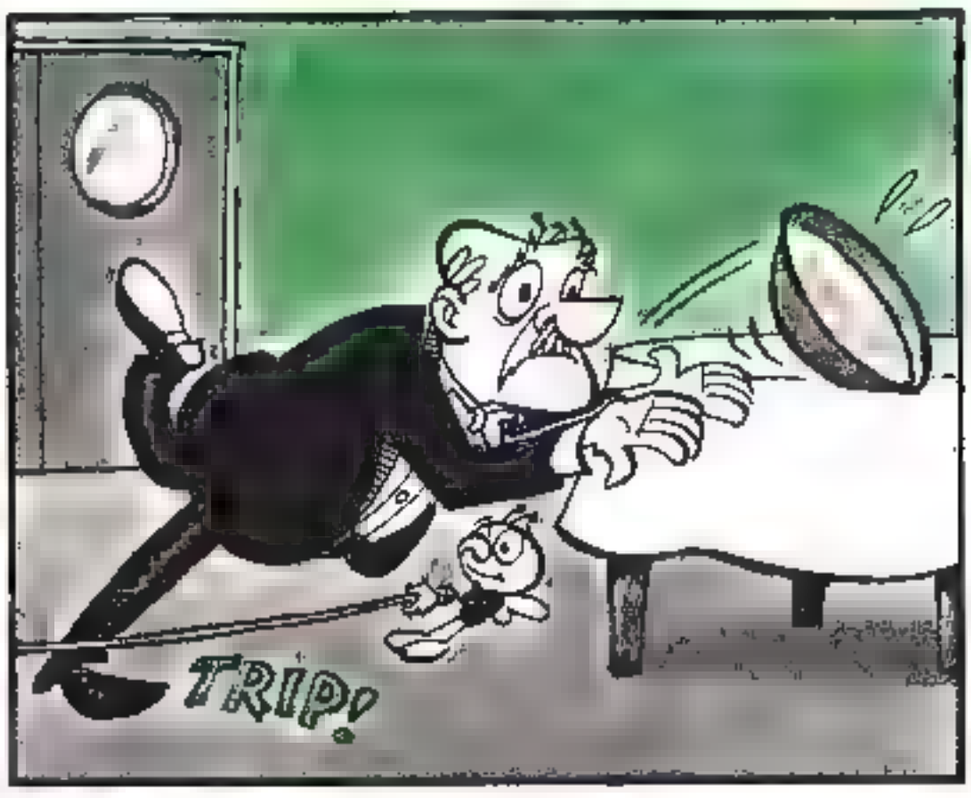

DAD GETS THE JOB, AND...
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH ANYTHING YOU DON'T WANT?
PUT IT IN THE DUSTBIN. NOW SERVE YOUR FIRST CUSTOMER!

SO...
YOUR SOUP, SIR!

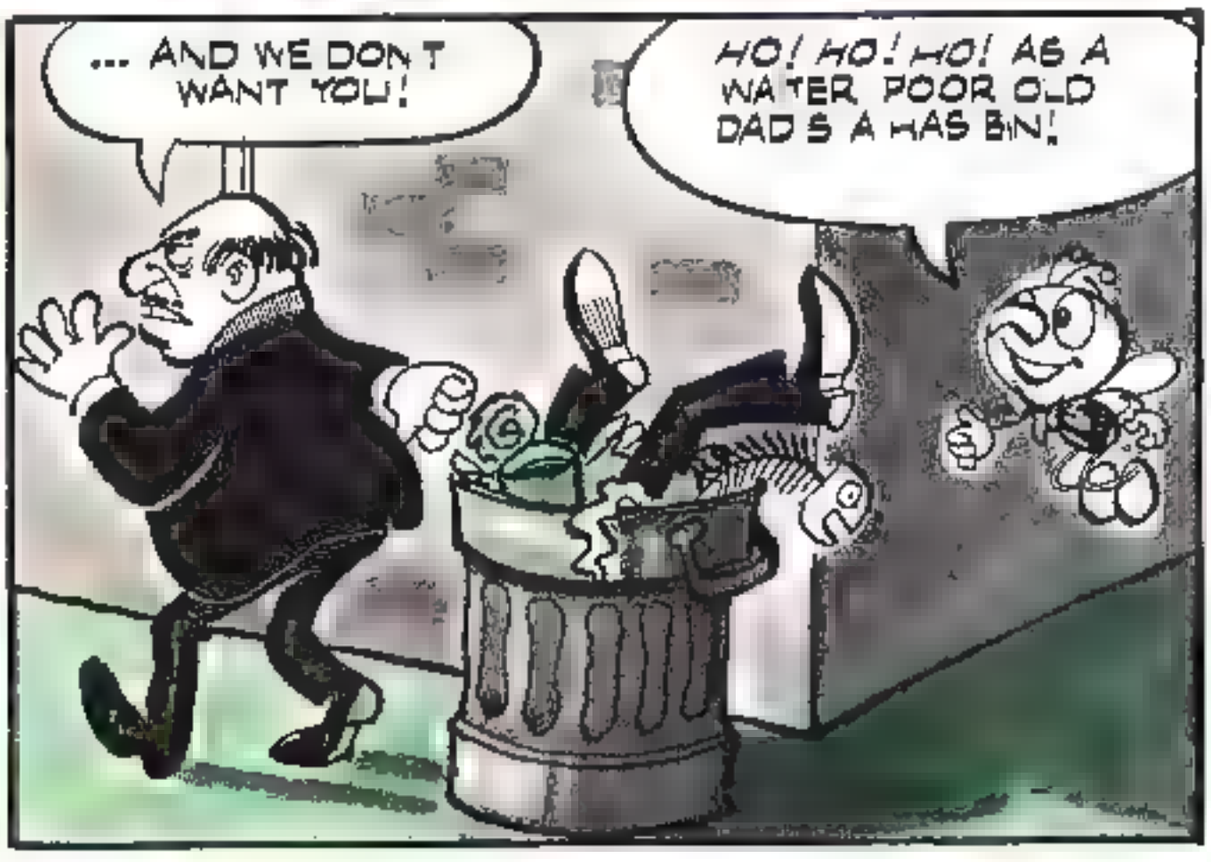
HELP! HELP! I'M DROWNING!
WAITER! THERE'S A MOTH IN MY SOUP!

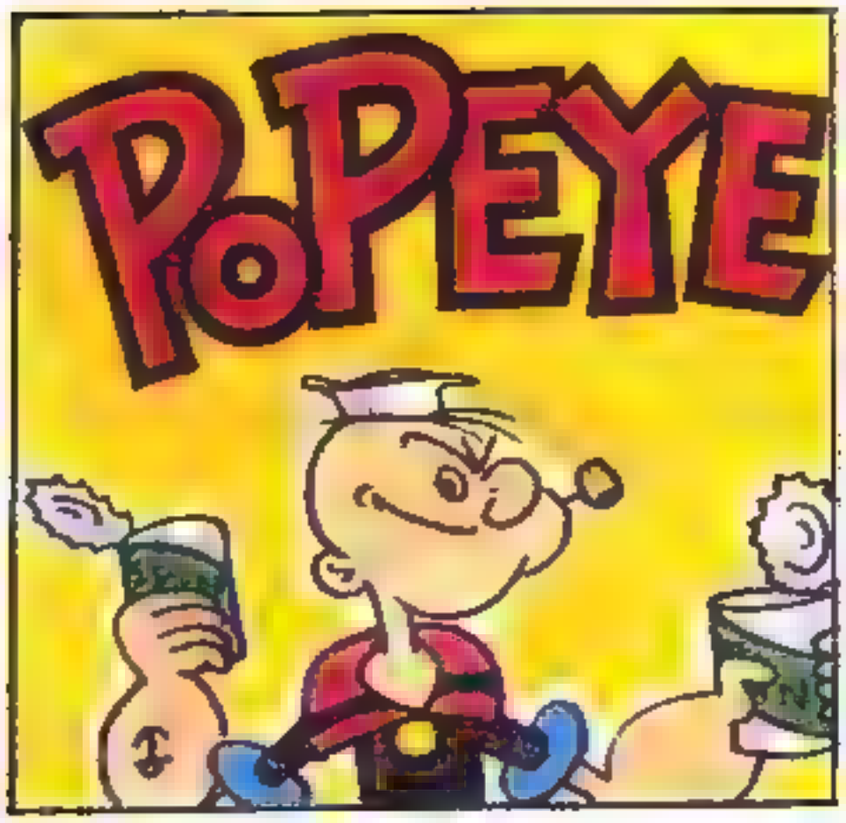
I'M SORRY, SIR - I'LL BRING YOU SOME MORE!
WHISPER: - YOU LITTLE ROTTER!

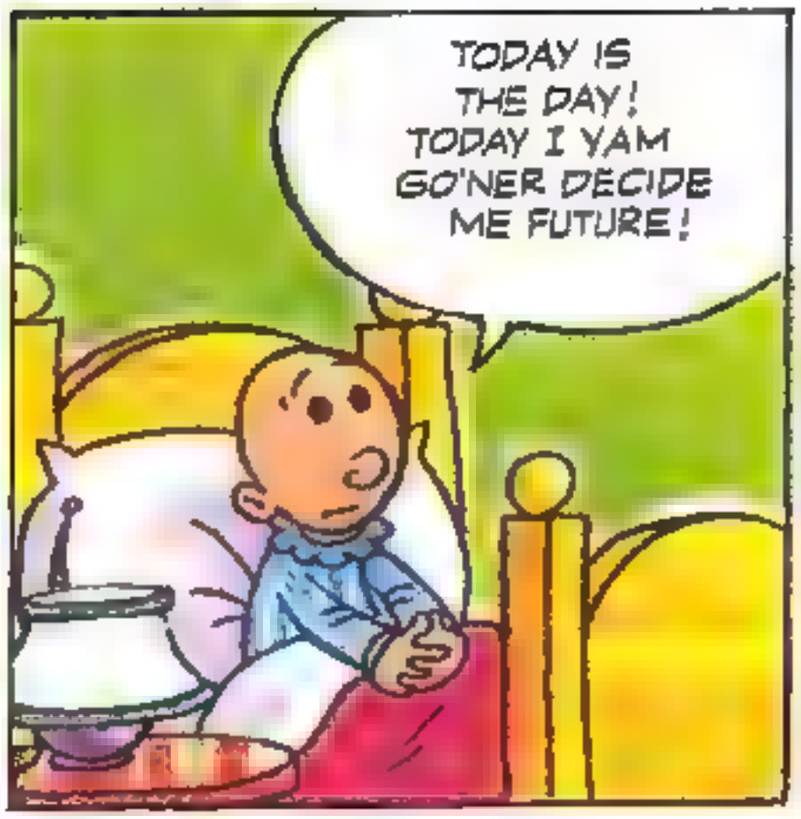
TEE-HEE! I'LL TIE A PIECE OF SPAGHETT ACROSS DAD'S PATH!

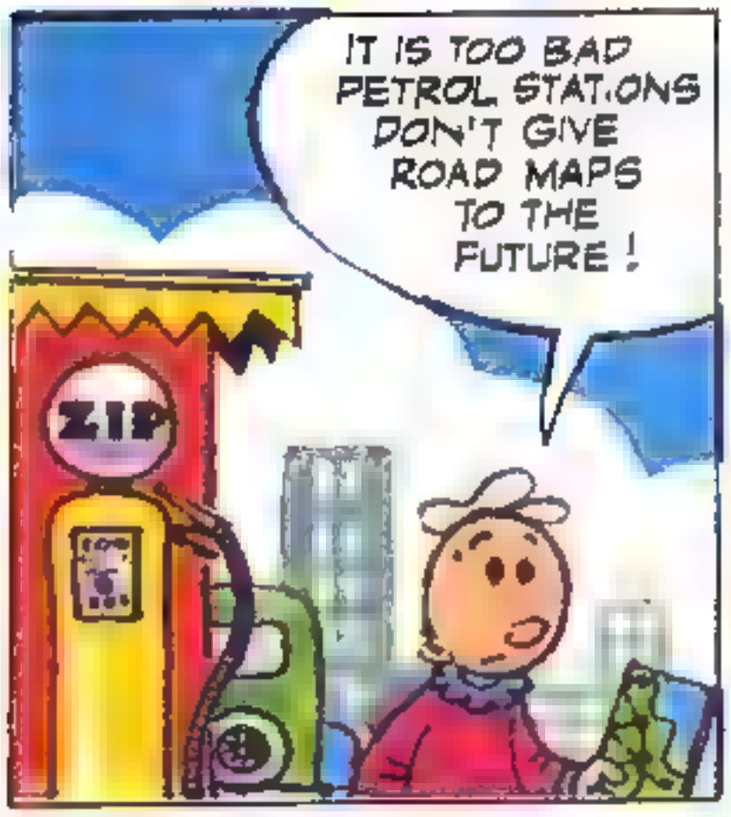

TRIP!

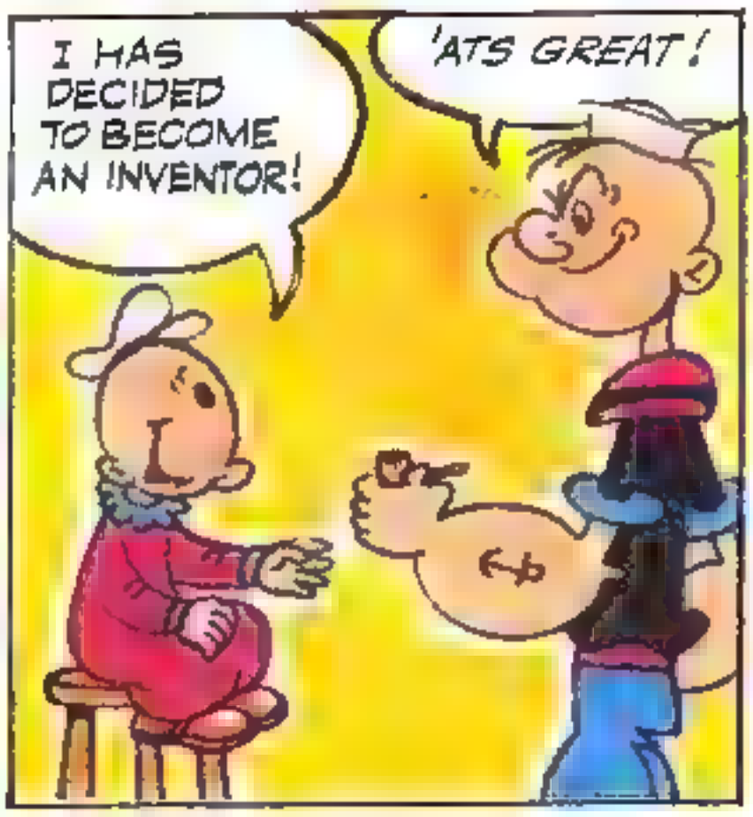
GRR! I TOLD YOU WHAT WE DO WITH ANYTHING WE DON'T WANT!

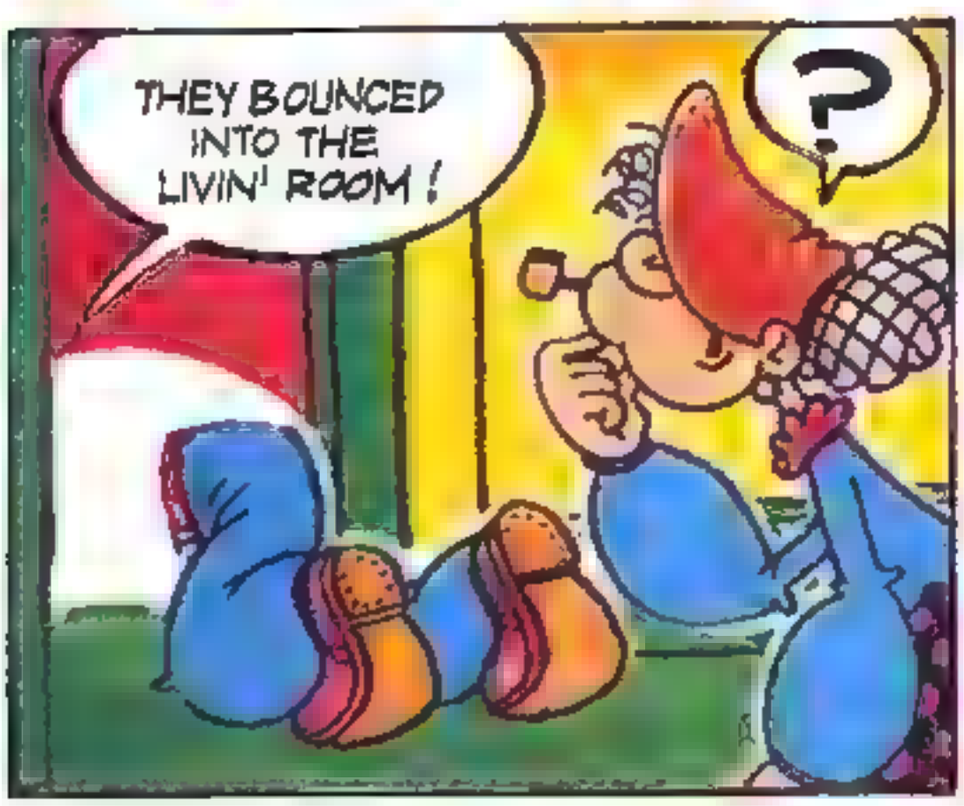

... AND WE DON'T WANT YOU!
HO! HO! HO! AS A WAITER POOR OLD DAD'S A HAS BIN!

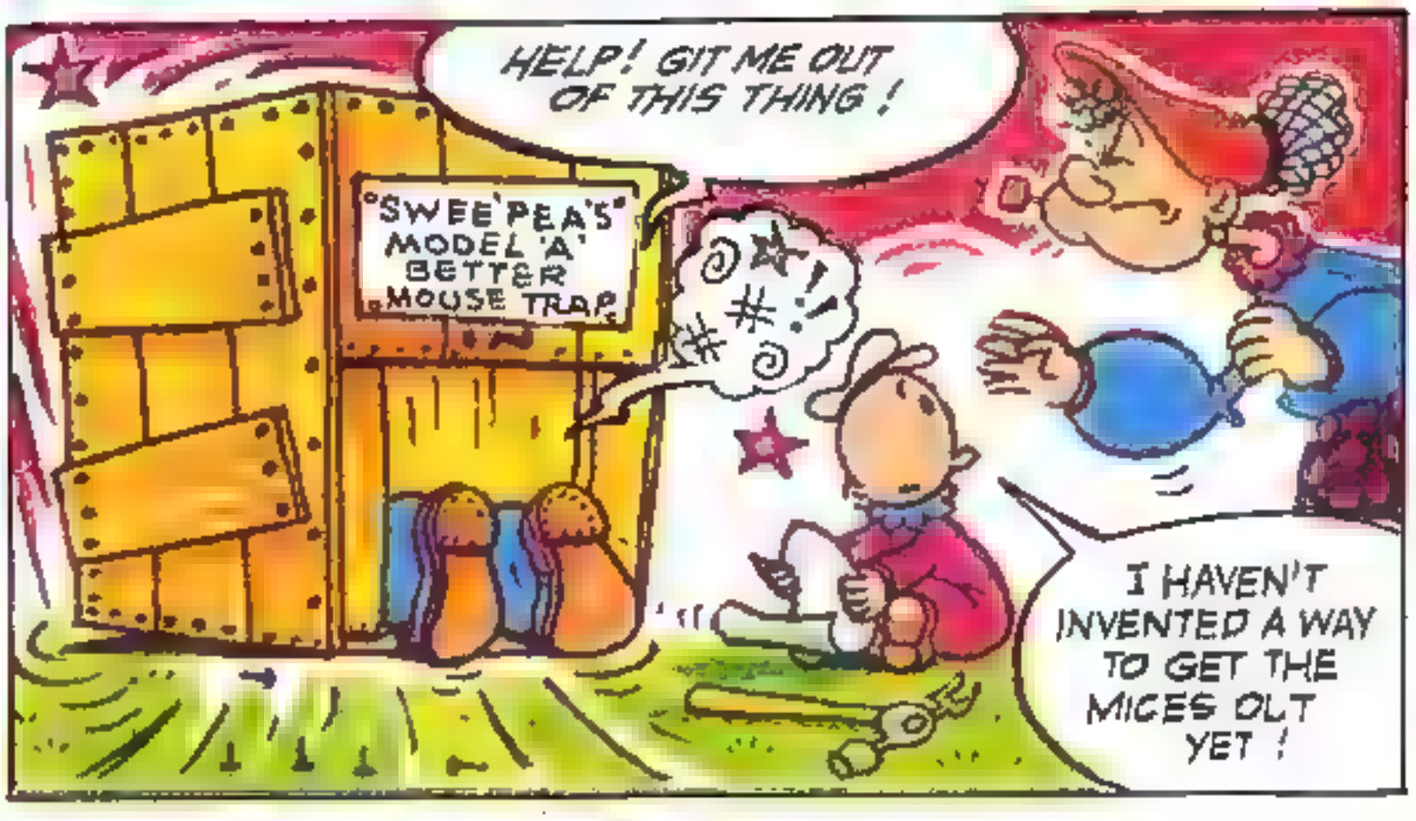








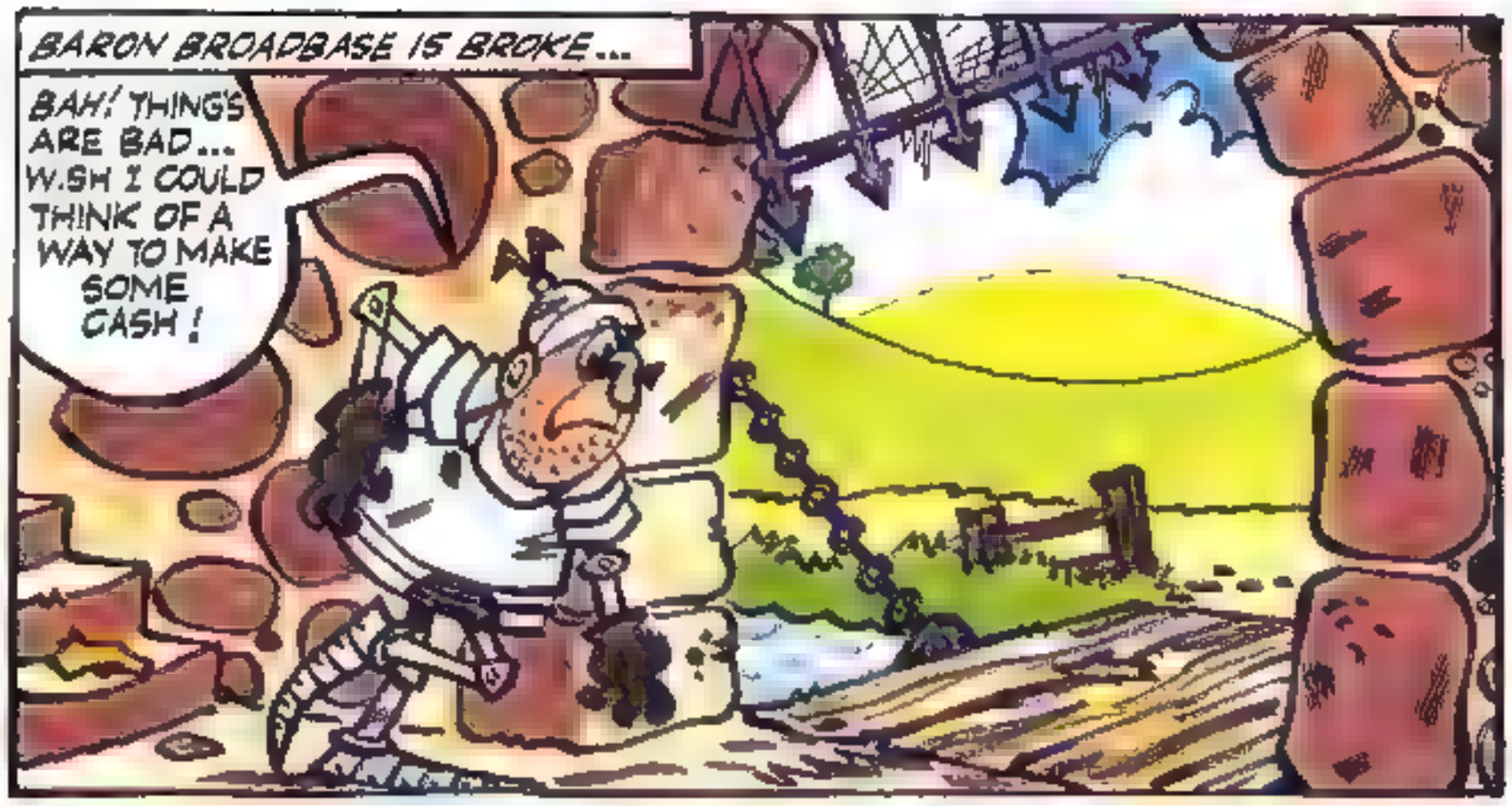


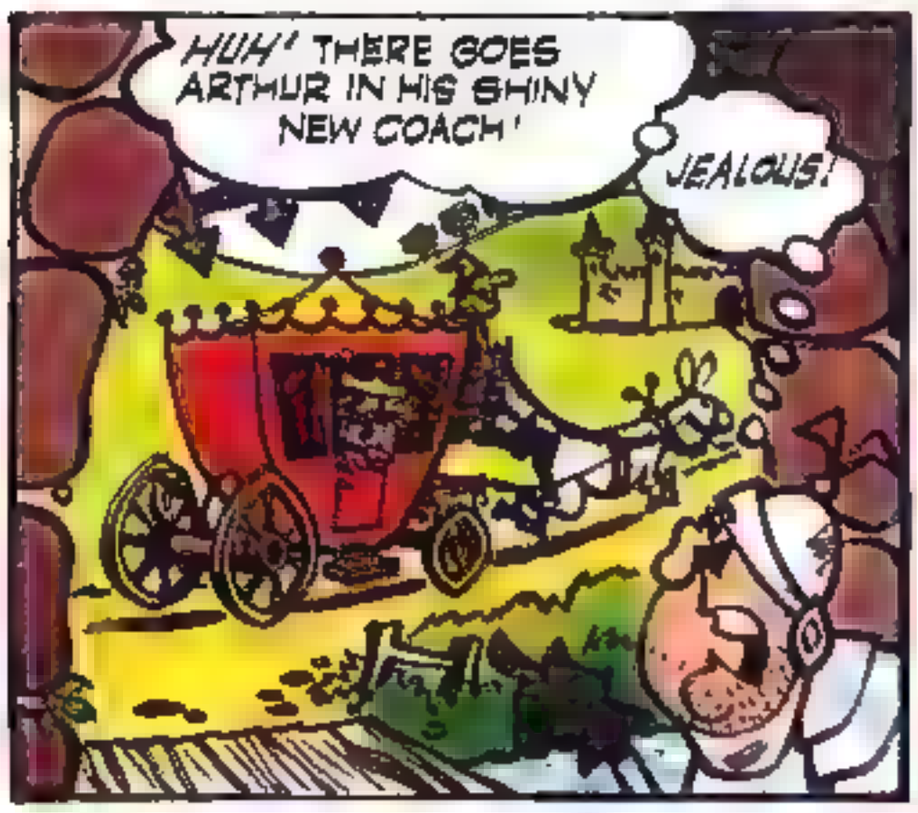


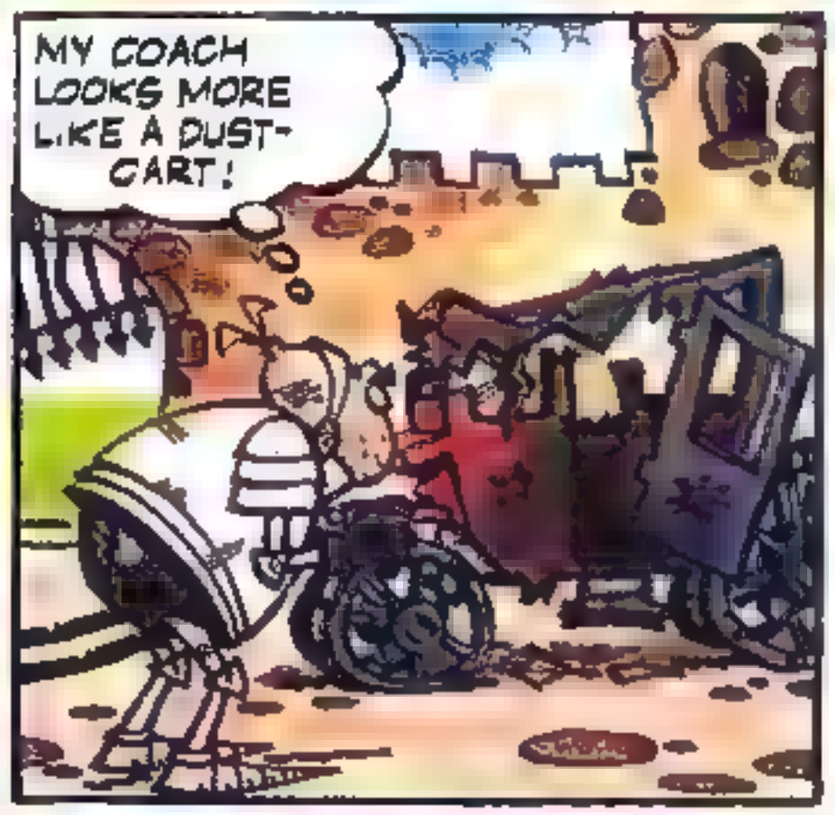
© 1969 King Features Syndicate Inc.

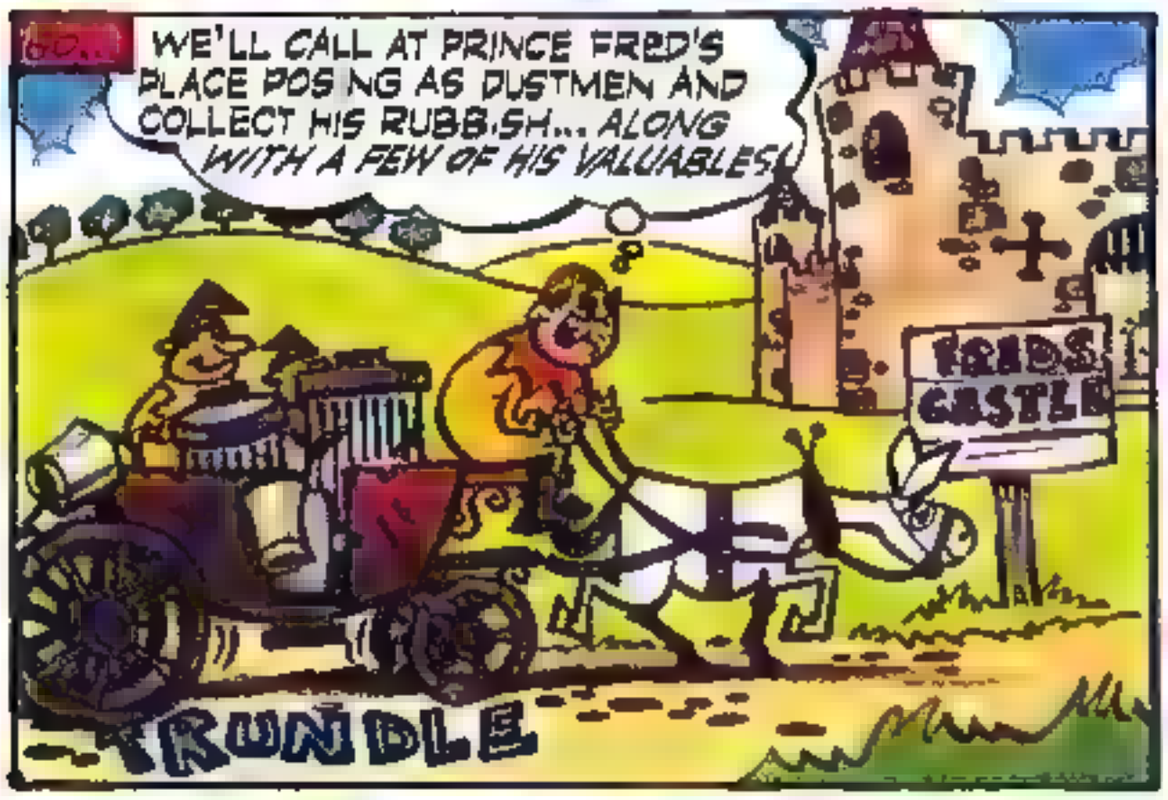
ARTHUR!

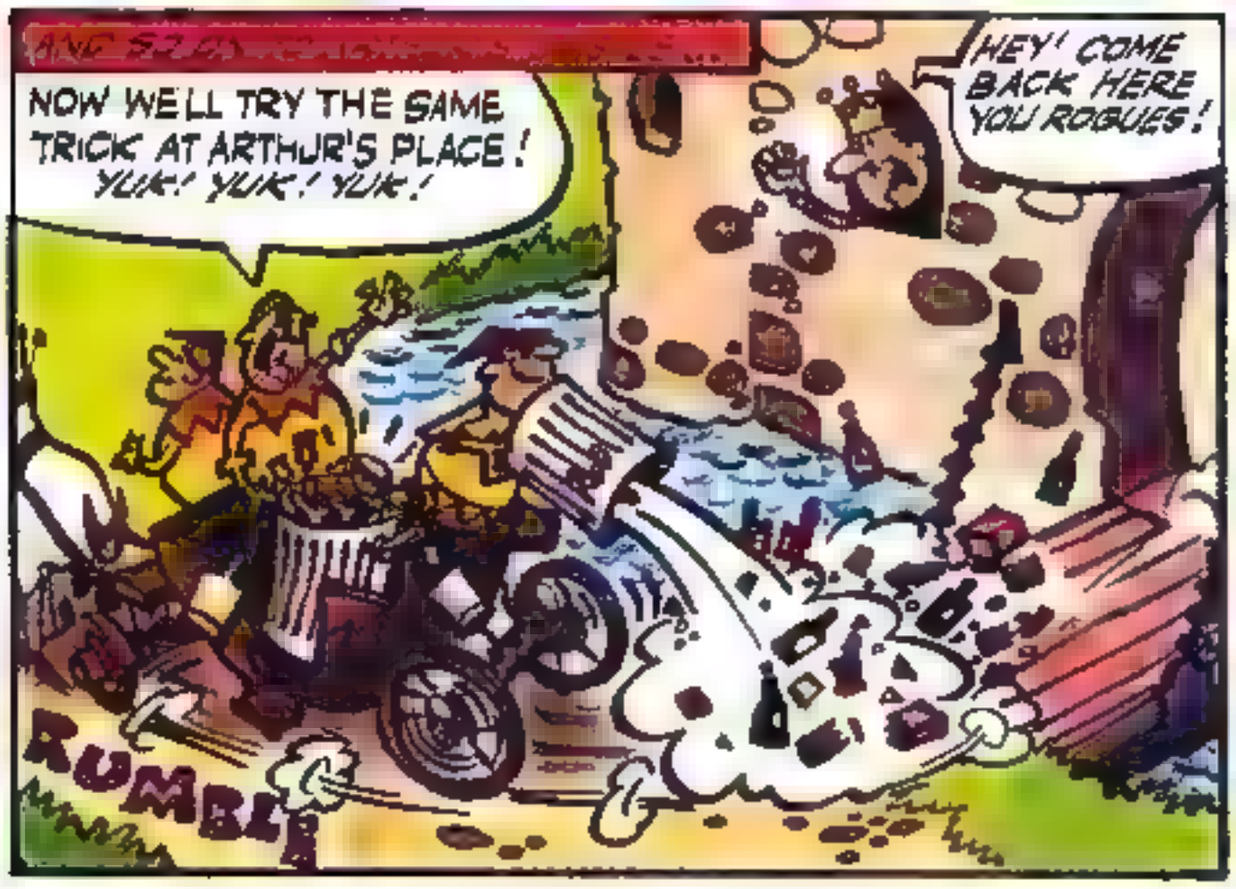
and his Square Knights of the Round Table

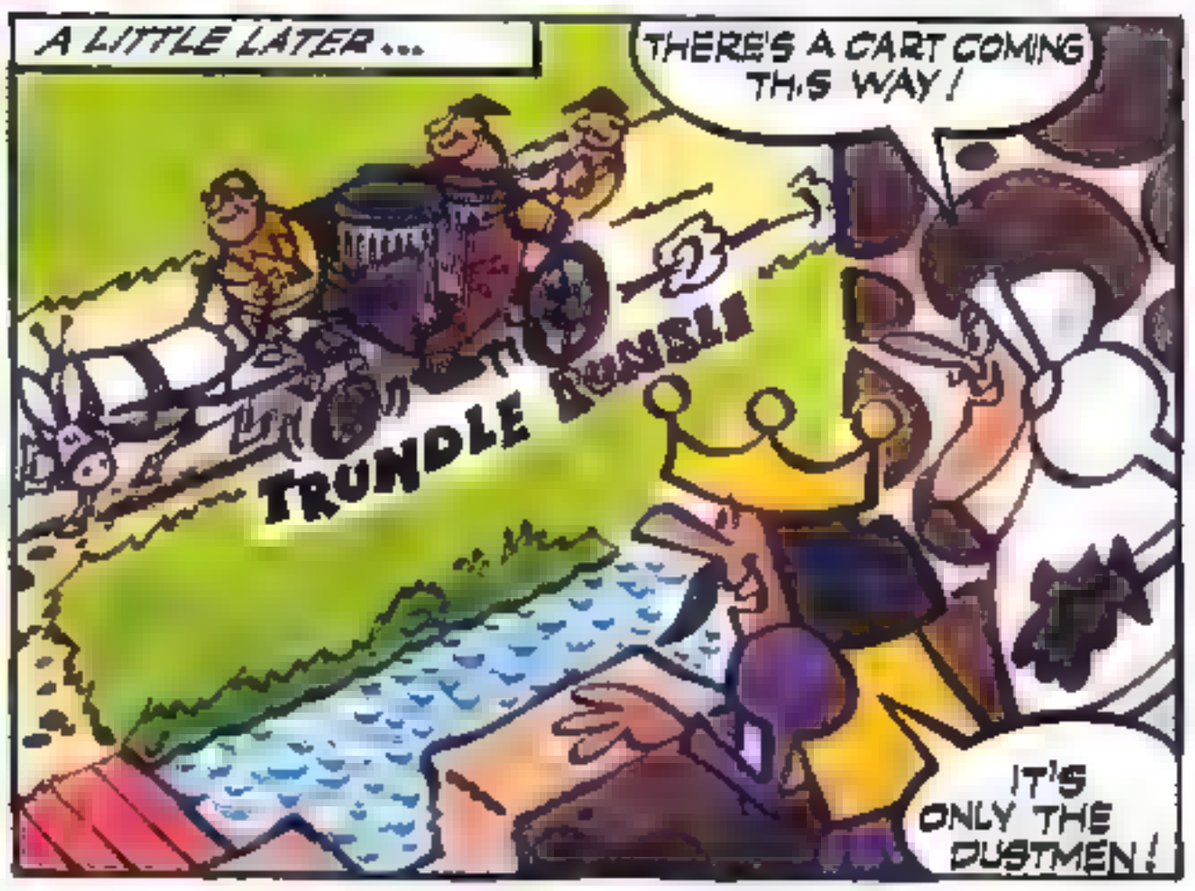







SO...
WE'LL CALL AT PRINCE FRED'S PLACE POSING AS DUSTMEN AND COLLECT HIS RUBBISH... ALONG WITH A FEW OF HIS VALUABLES!
FREDS CASTLE
TRUNDLE





INSIDE THE COURTYARD...

HERE'S MY CHANCE TO GET RID OF ARTHUR'S FLASHY COACH! HEH! HEH!

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

CHOP

HAK

CHOPPING THIS COACH UP! IT'S BEEN PUT NEAR THE DUSTBINS FOR US TO THROW AWAY!

I MIGHT'VE GUESSED... BROADBASE! AWK!

OUT OF THE WAY! HA! HA! HA!

RATTLE

SHAKE RATTLE

RUMBLE!

COME BACK! I'LL TEACH YOU TO CHOP UP MY LOVELY NEW COACH!

BROADBASE'S RICKETY OLD CART LOSES A WHEEL...

WOAH!

HELP!

S-C-R-E-E-C-H!

SNAP

JUST THEN PRINCE FRED TURNS UP...

THERE...! MY JEWELS!

DAZED

GLITTER

HERE'S A REWARD FOR CATCHING BROADBASE AND GETTING MY JEWELS BACK, ARTHUR!

GEE, THANKS PRINCE FRED!

SILVER

WE'LL TAKE BROADBASE BACK TO MY DUNGEON!

I CAN AFFORD A NEW COACH NOW AND BROADBASE HAS LANDED HIMSELF RIGHT IN THE CART! HE'HE!

TOW

BASIL BRUSH

GREAT RUMBLING RELATIVES! IT'S FROM UNCLE BERTRAM BRUSH. HE'S COMING TO STAY FOR A FEW DAYS!

THAT THE ONE WHAT GAVE YOU THAT GOLD WATCH THAT'S NEVER WORKED?

YES, CHUMMERS! I'D BETTER FETCH IT NOW. MUSTN'T FORGET TO WEAR IT FOR HIS ARRIVAL IN THE MORNING. YOU OPEN UP HIS ROOM IN THE WEST WING!

RIGHT, GUV. IT'LL PROBABLY BE A BIT DAMP... 'ASN'T BEEN USED FOR MONTHS...

THERE! WON'T UNCLE BERTRAM BE SURPRISED TO SEE HOW WELL I'VE TAKEN CARE OF HIS PRESENT, EH CHUMMERS?

THAT'S NOT THE ONLY SURPRISE HE'S IN FOR, GUV... WHAT A MESS!

GREAT RAMBLING RUINS! WE'LL HAVE TO DECORATE THE PLACE BEFORE HE ARRIVES... QUICK...

H'ALL RIGHT, GUV. I KNOW! FETCH THE PAINT, WALLPAPER AND H'EVERYTHING... 'ERE WE GO AGAIN!

AND SOON...

WE'LL NEVER GET IT FINISHED BEFORE 'E ARRIVES, GUV...

NONSENSE, CHUMMERS... HURRY UP AND DO THE WALLPAPERING!

GREAT WILD WOODROT! THE FLOOR'S GIVING WAY... OOOOOOH!

CRACK!

WHA...? BLUB! BLUB!

GULP! GULP! I'VE SWALLOWED THE SOAP!

STOP WORRYING, CHUMMERS... AND HELP ME MEND THIS FLOOR!

JUST THE RIGHT SIZE... YES?

GLOOOP! THANK GOODNESS, GUV... THAT'S GOT RID OF THE SOAP... NOW ALL I HAVE IS AN 'EADACHE!

CLONK!

BUT THEY WERE SOON WORKING HARD...

GREAT DAZZLING DECORATIONS! KEEP IT UP, CHUMMERS... WE'RE WINNING!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT WINNING... I'M WANING!

MIDNIGHT... (GROAN!) NOW WE'VE ONLY GOT TO TIDY UP...

OH, NO! WE'LL 'AVE TO LEAVE IT TILL THE MORNING, GUV... I'M EXHAUSTED!

SO, IN THE MORNING!..

... AND THAT'S THAT! READY FOR YOUR H'UNCLE'S ARRIVAL!

YES... AND HE SHOULD BE HERE IN A... GREAT MISSING MINUTE-HANDS! THE WATCH! IT'S GONE!

QUICK! QUICK! WE MUST FIND IT, CHUMMERS... UNCLE BERTRAM WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME IF I LOST THAT WATCH...

RIGHT, GUV... BUT HE'LL BE 'ERE SOON, SO WE MUSTN'T LOSE ANY TIME. OH! WHAT AM I SAYING!

WE'RE MAKING IT A BIT UNTIDY, GUV...

RIP!

CRACK

KNOCK! KNOCK!

NEVER MIND THAT! THERE'S UNCLE AT THE FRONT DOOR... FIND THAT... AH - HERE IT IS!

WELCOME, UNCLE! SEE... WE'VE DECORATED YOUR ROOM... AND LOOK, I'M WEARING YOUR PRESENT!

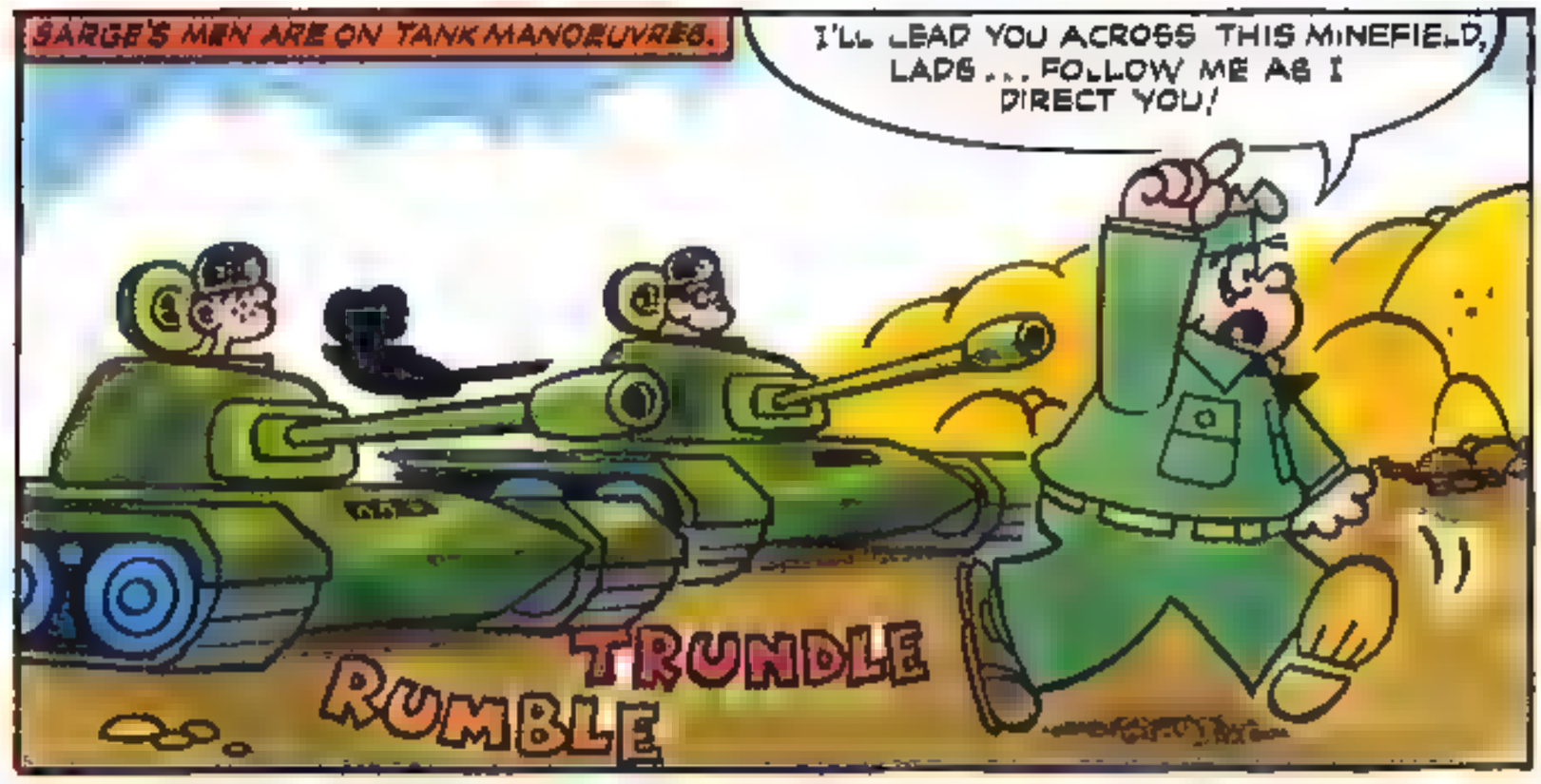
WHAT? UNCLE BODWIN GAVE YOU THAT WATCH, NOT ME! AND AS FOR THE DECORATING...

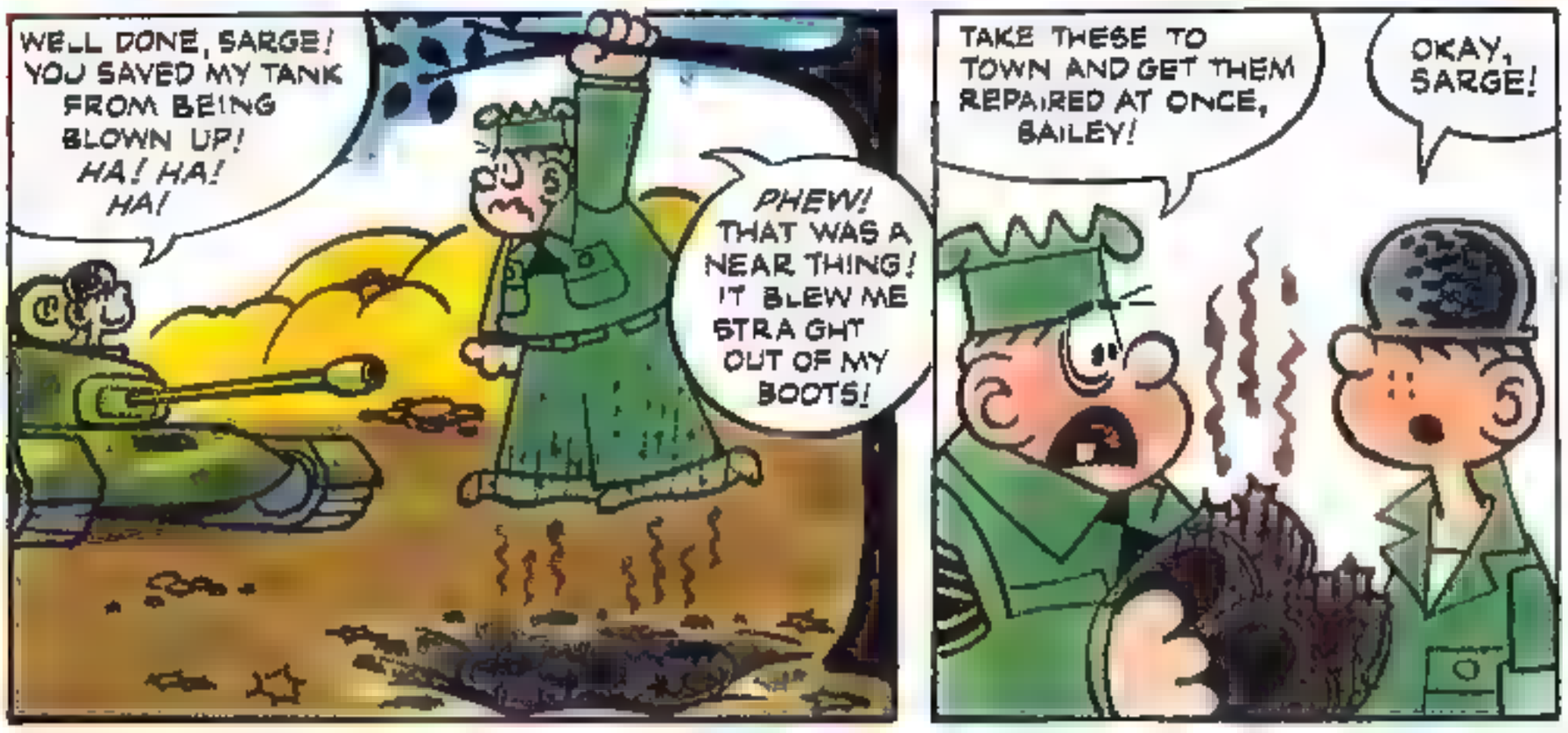
...IF YOU THINK I'M SLEEPING IN THAT MESS YOU'RE BATS, BASIL! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE YOUNGER GENERATION IS COMING TO?

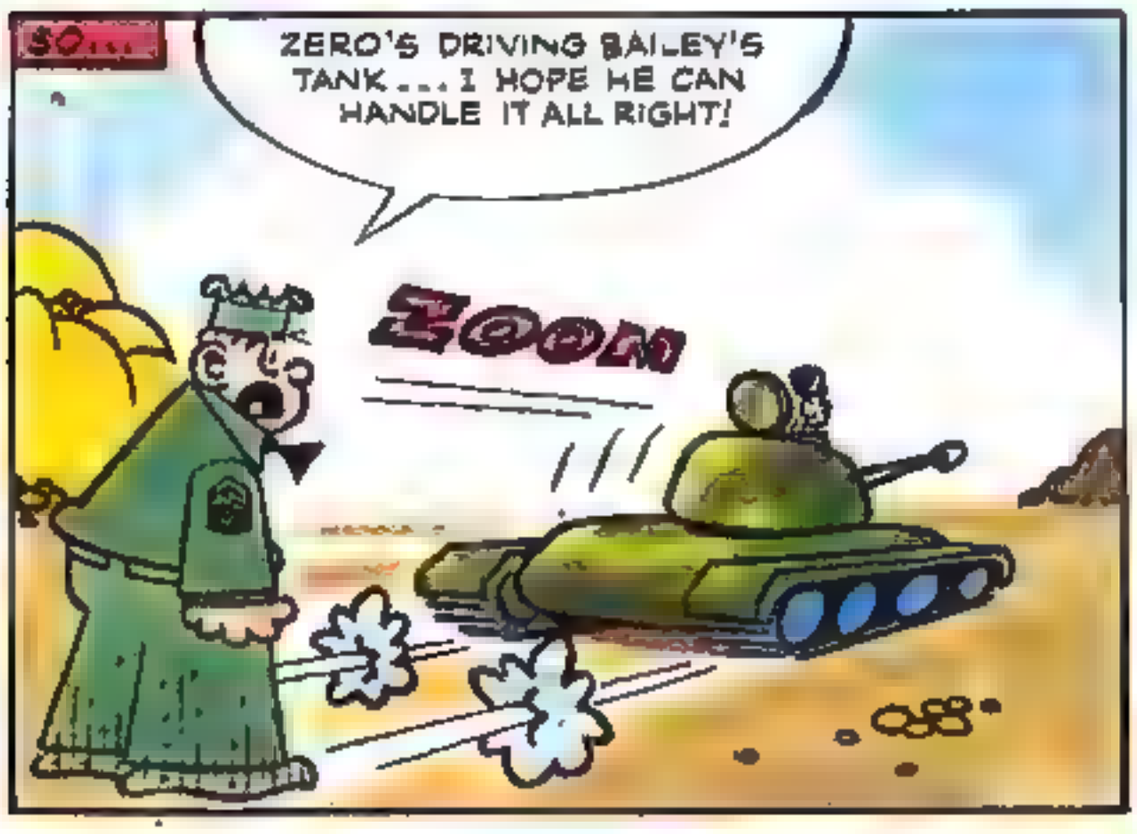
YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN, GUV!

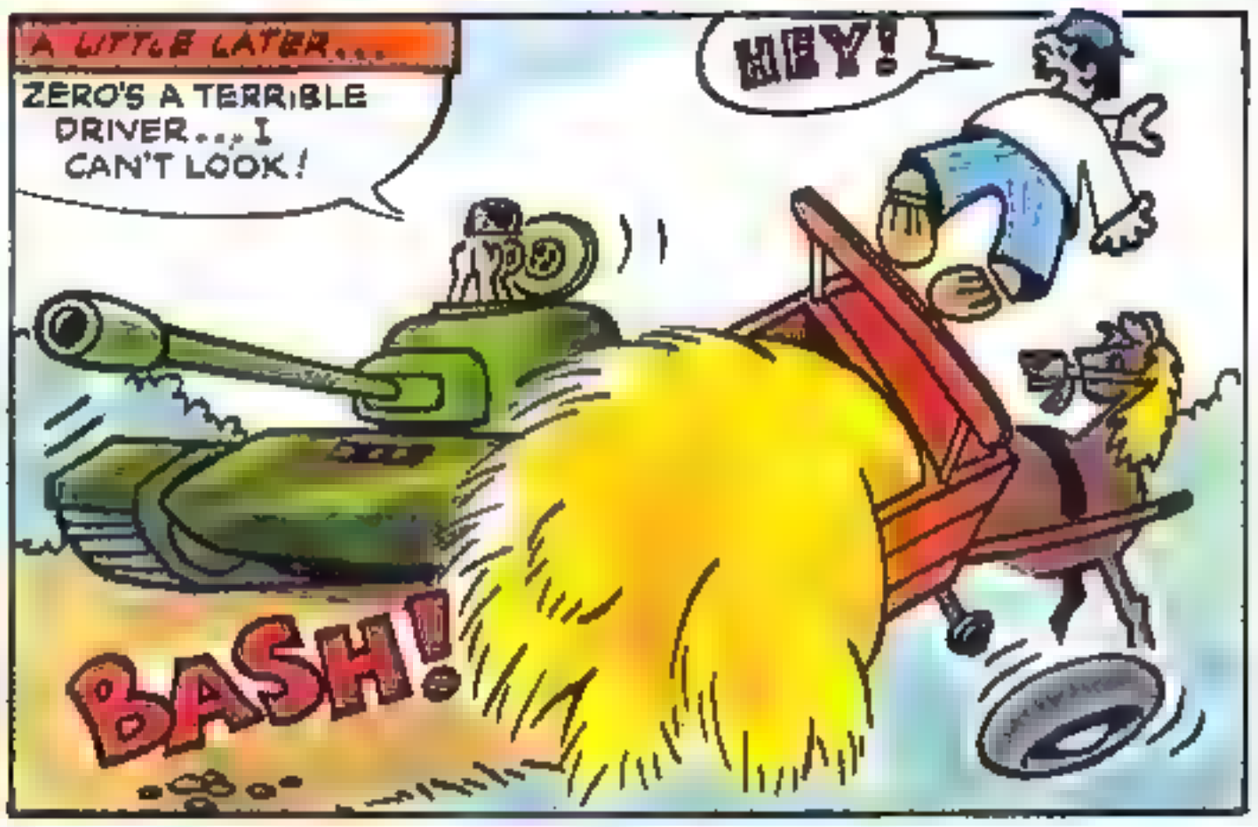
YES, CHUMMERS (SIGH.) WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A WASTE OF TIME... OH, DEAR!

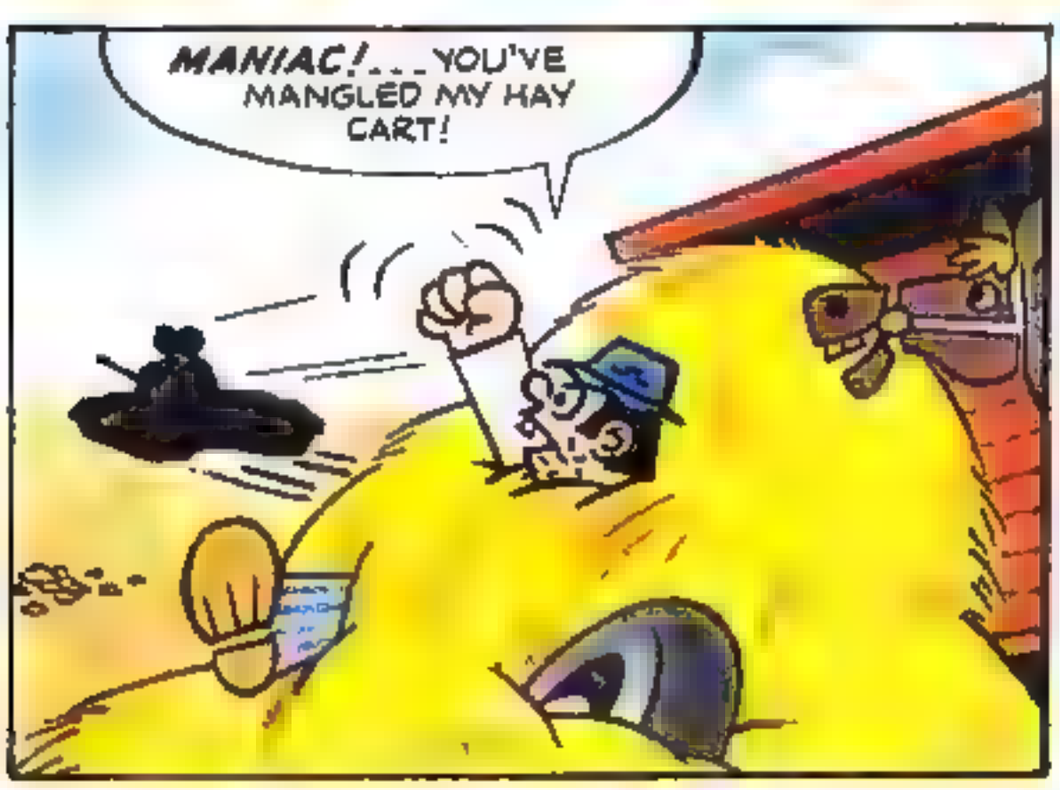
BEETLE BAILEY

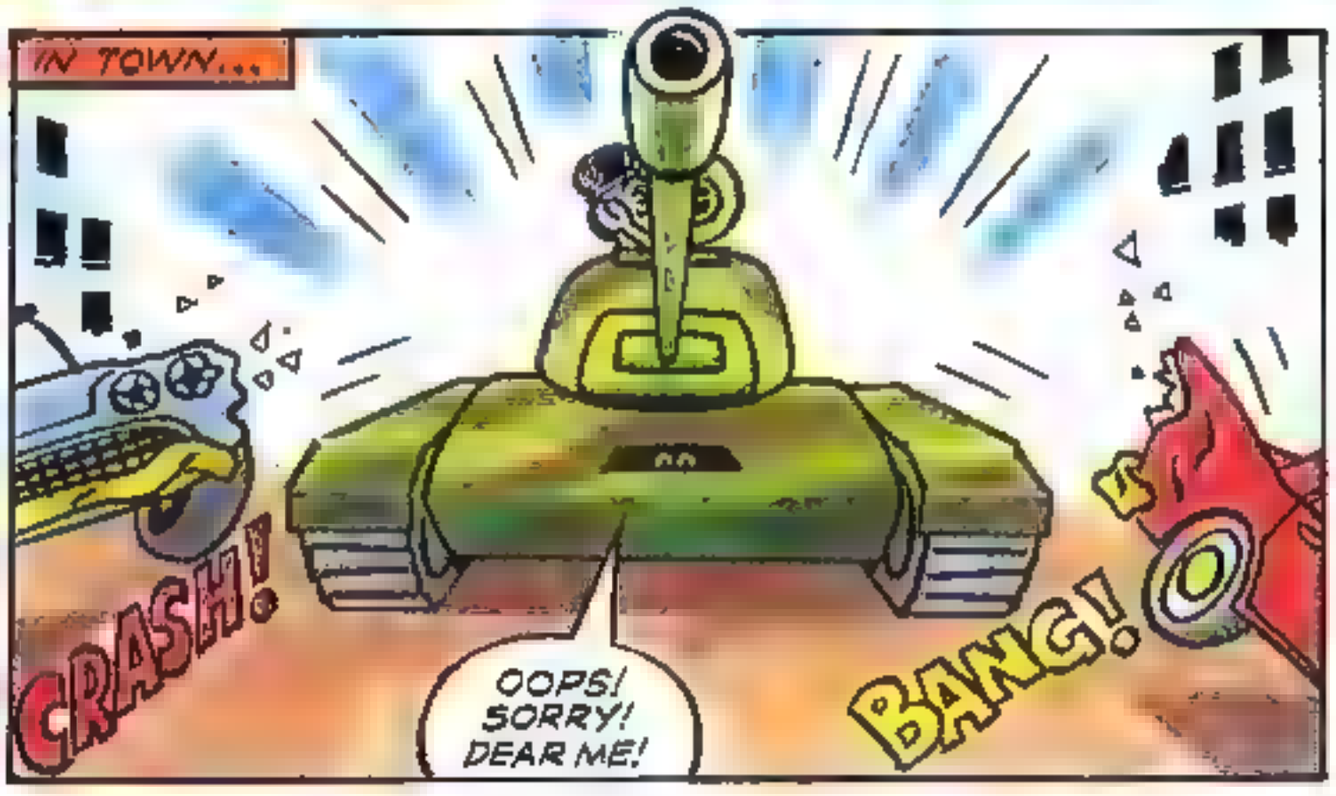



WELL DONE, SARGE! YOU SAVED MY TANK FROM BEING BLOWN UP! HA! HA! HA!
PHEW! THAT WAS A NEAR THING! IT BLEW ME STRAIGHT OUT OF MY BOOTS!
TAKE THESE TO TOWN AND GET THEM REPAIRED AT ONCE, BAILEY!
OKAY, SARGE!

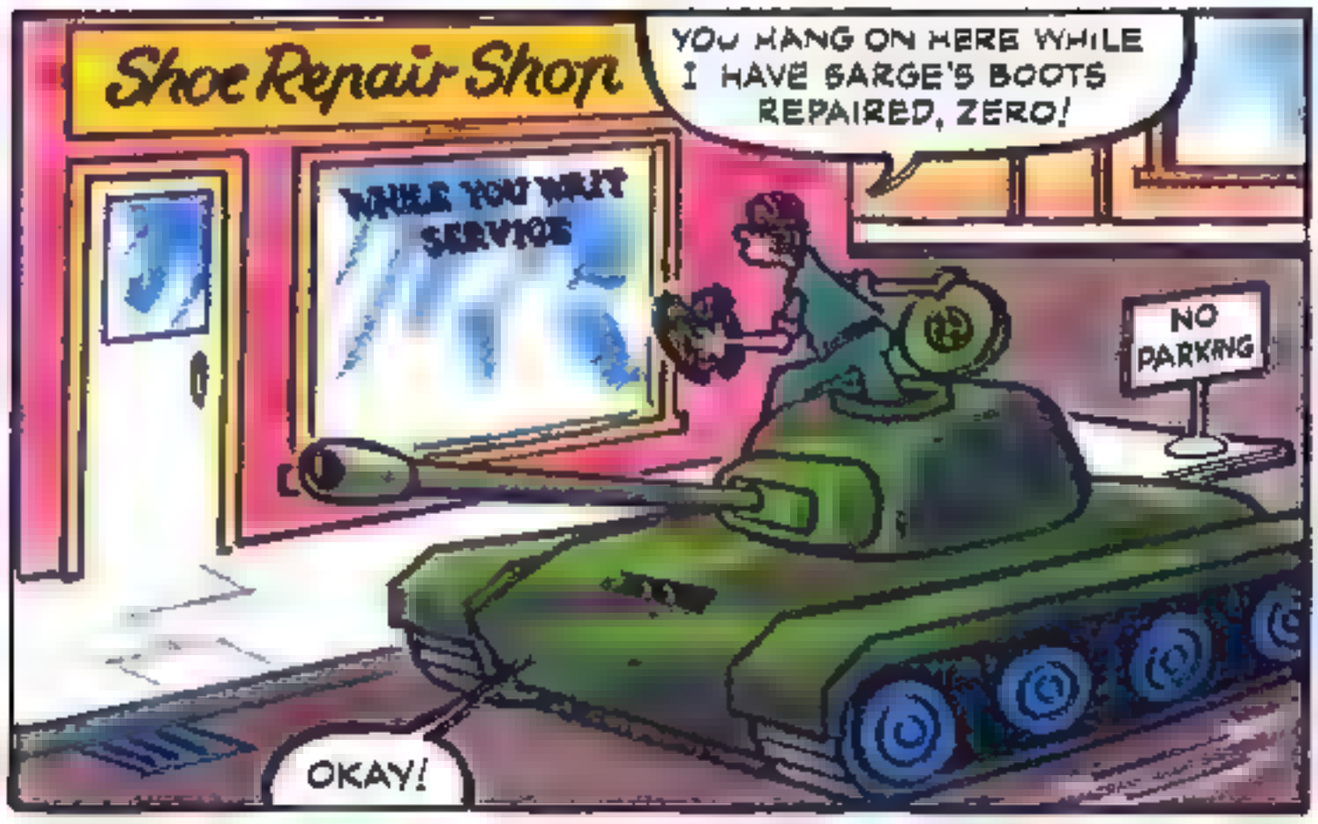


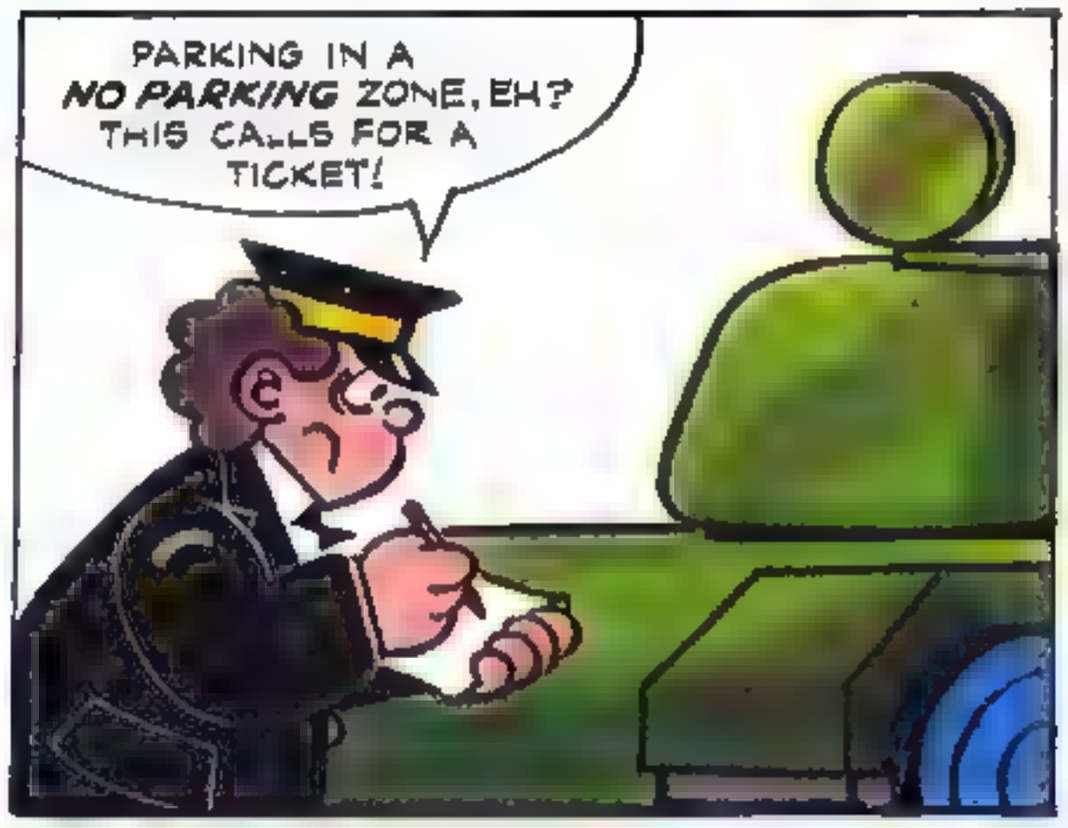




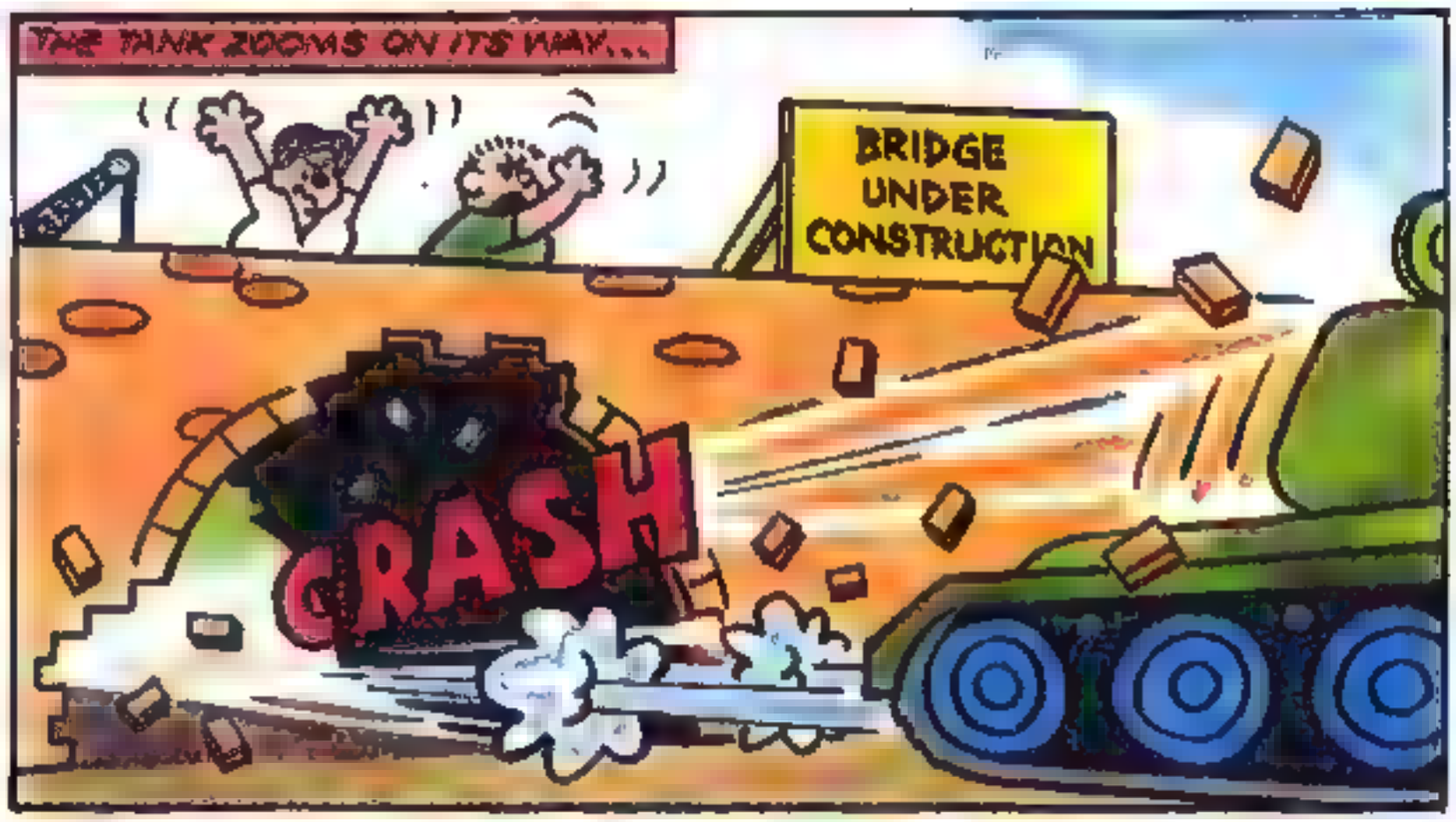


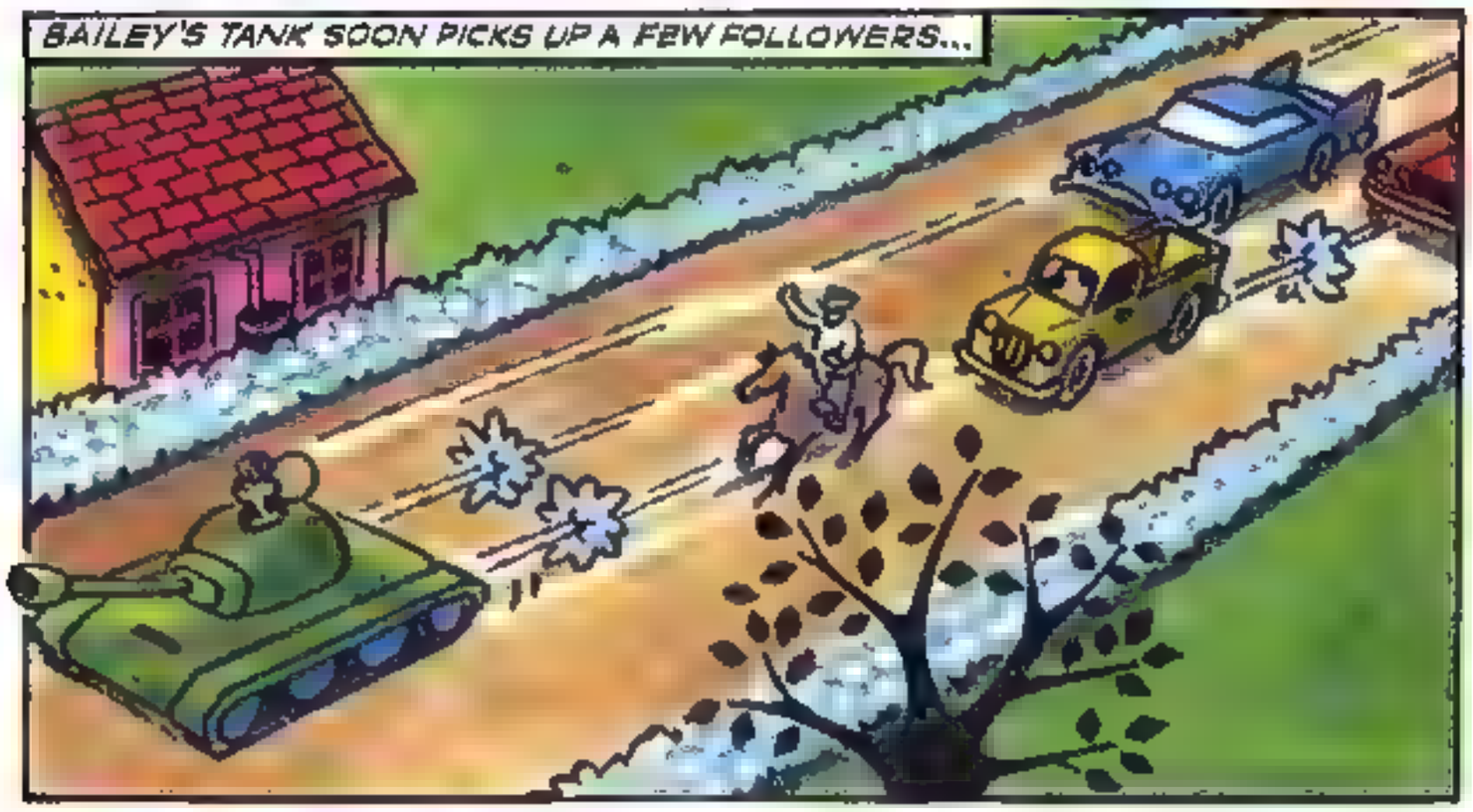
© 1969 King Features Syndicate Inc


Shoe Repair Shop
YOU HANG ON HERE WHILE I HAVE SARGE'S BOOTS REPAIRED, ZERO!
WHILE YOU WAIT SERVICE
NO PARKING
OKAY!

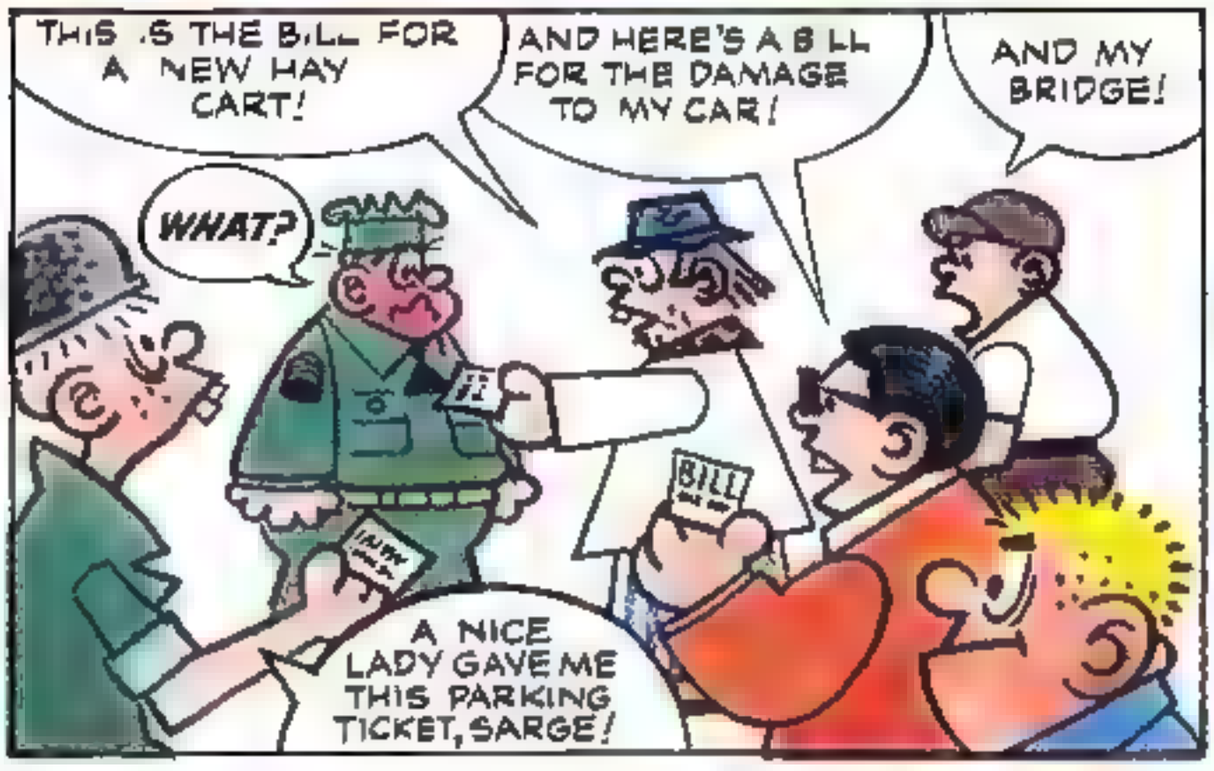

PARKING IN A NO PARKING ZONE, EH? THIS CALLS FOR A TICKET!

TEN MINUTES LATER...
GET THE TIN CAN WARMED UP, ZERO...WE CAN HEAD BACK WITH SARGE'S BOOTS NOW!


THE TANK ZOOMS ON ITS WAY...
BRIDGE UNDER CONSTRUCTION
CRASH


BAILEY'S TANK SOON PICKS UP A FEW FOLLOWERS...

MINUTES LATER...
HERE ARE YOUR BOOTS, SARGE...AND THE REPAIR BILL!
BILL
THANKS, BAILEY!


THIS IS THE BILL FOR A NEW HAY CART!
AND HERE'S A BILL FOR THE DAMAGE TO MY CAR!
AND MY BRIDGE!
WHAT?
BILL
A NICE LADY GAVE ME THIS PARKING TICKET, SARGE!

WHEN I GET HOLD OF YOU TWO I'LL...
HEY, BAILEY... WE'RE RUNNING ONTO THE MINE FIELD...
I'D SOONER FACE A MINE FIELD THAN SARGE WHEN HE'S IN THIS KIND OF A MOOD!

Ken Dodd's Diddymen

IN THE OFFICE OF PRIVATE EYE DICKY MINT...

THAT SOLVES THE GRIM CASE OF SNOOKUMS THE LOST PUSSY CAT!

I WONDER WHAT OTHER SINISTER MYSTERIES LURK IN KNOTTY ASH, WAITING FOR ME TO INVEST GATE?

MY FIRST CASE

AH, I LOVE TO WATCH BIRDIES...SPECKLED THRUSHES, CRESTED TWITS... OH, YES, I'M A BIT OF AN EXPERT ON OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS!

WOW! NOW THERE'S A KND OF BIRD I HAVEN'T SEEN BEFORE!

A BOWLER HATTED CROW?...THERE CAN'T BE SUCH A SPECIES!

I FEAR THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE!

FLYING BOWLER HATS?...HMM! I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

OCH, OUCH!

THUNK!

THE SITUATION IS GETTING SERIOUS... THE HATS ARE CAUSING ACCIDENTS!

GREAT SLOBBERING BLOODHOUNDS! WHAT'S THIS COMING TOWARDS ME?

BIRDS USING BOWLERS FOR TAXIS? THIS IS TOO MUCH!

KNOTTY ASH IS GOING MAD!

MEANWHILE AT KNOTTY ASH AIRPORT...

SIR! SIR!... IT SOUNDS SILLY, BUT THERE'S A **BOWLER HAT** COMING IN TO LAND ON RUNWAY 4!

W-H-A-T?

I DON'T BELIEVE IT... WHAT A PERFECT LANDING!

WONDER IF THERE ARE ANY PASSENGERS ABOARD?

ON A NEARBY ARMY FIRING RANGE...

UNIDENTIFIED BOWLER HATS FLYING THIS WAY... **PREPARE TO OPEN FIRE!**

BRING THE BLIGHTERS DOWN, LADS... THEY'RE PROBABLY SOME DEVILISH NEW DISGUISED BOMBERS THE ENEMY ARE USING TO TRY AND FOOL US!

POM! POM POM POM!

BACK IN THE STREETS OF KNOTTY ASH...

WHAT LIES BEHIND THE STRANGE MYSTERY OF THE FLYING BOWLER HATS?

WHY THERE!... THERE IS THE ANSWER TO THIS WEIRD AFFAIR!

THAT'S SOLVED THE FLYING BOWLER HATS CASE... THE **SNUFF FACTORY** WORKERS ARE SNEEZING BOWLERS OFF THE HEADS OF CIVIL SERVANTS QUEUEING FOR THEIR BUS TO WORK! HE! HE!

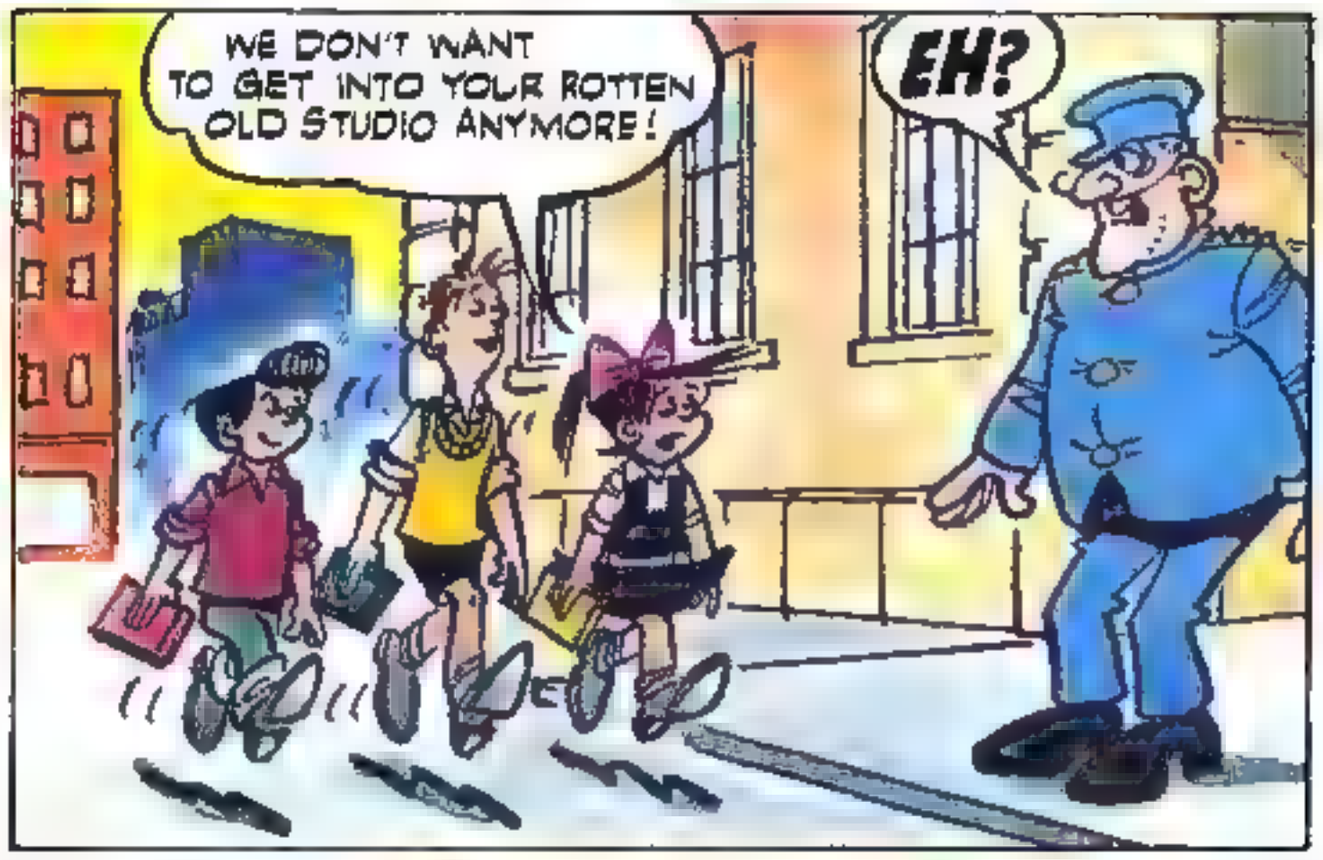
ARCHOO TISHOO

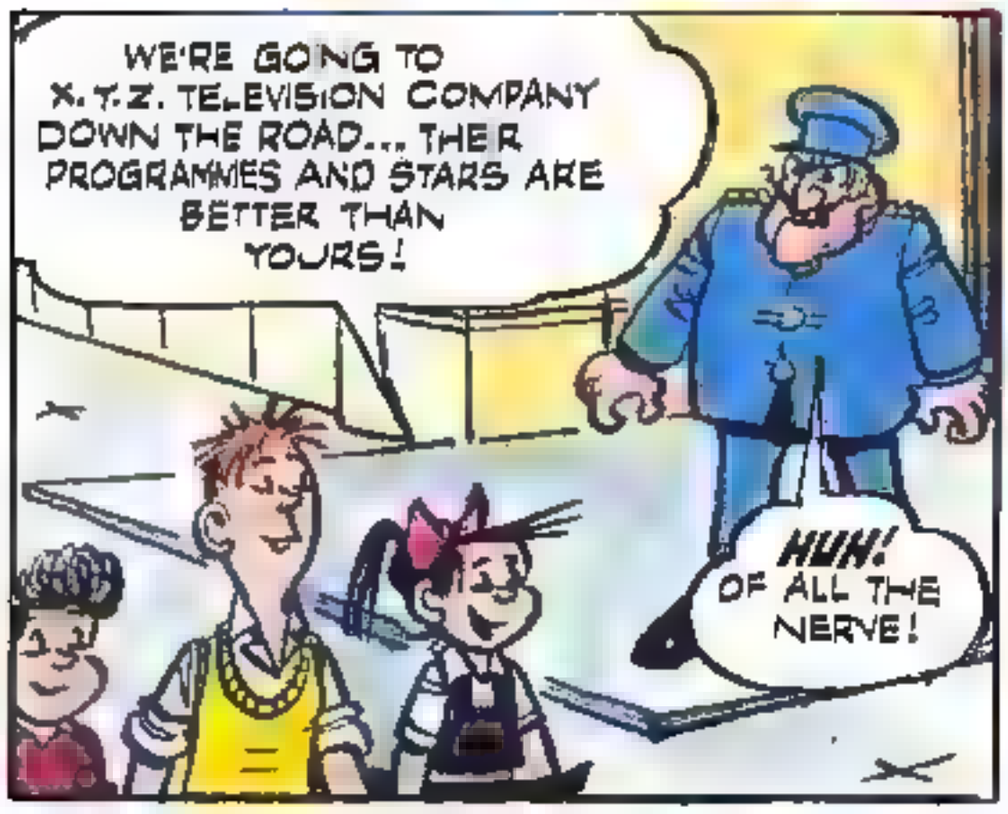
SNUFF'S SNUFF FACTORY

BUS STOP

Bill Titcombe.

TV TERRORS

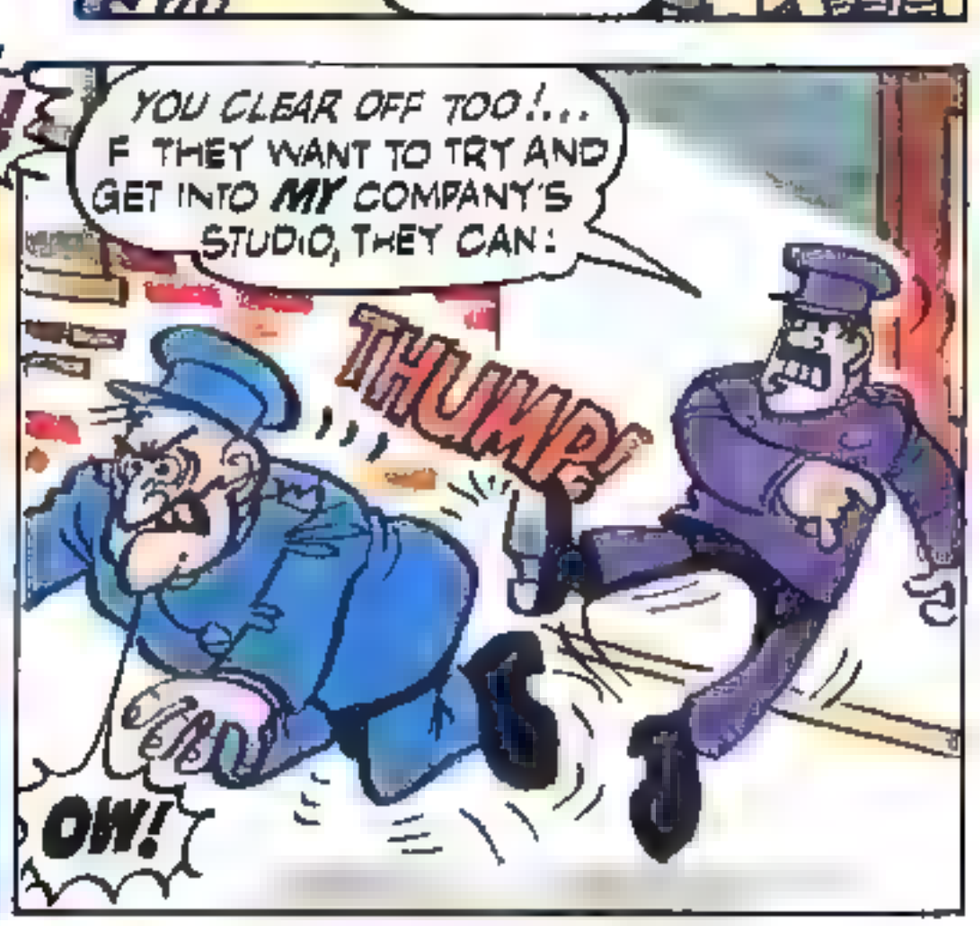

WE DON'T WANT TO GET INTO YOUR ROTTEN OLD STUDIO ANYMORE!
EH?


WE'RE GOING TO X.T.Z. TELEVISION COMPANY DOWN THE ROAD... THEIR PROGRAMMES AND STARS ARE BETTER THAN YOURS!
HUH! OF ALL THE NERVE!

HEY, THIS IS SERIOUS... I CAN'T LET THE TERRORS DESERT OUR TV COMPANY! I'D BETTER FOLLOW THEM!

AT THE X.T.Z. STUDIO...
WHAT DO YOU LOT THINK YOU'RE DOING? YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE!
WOW! THIS DOORMAN'S AS BAD AS HOPP'T!

CLEAR OFF!
YEEEEOW!
WHUMP!
OY, YOU CAN'T BOOT THE TERRORS AWAY FROM YOUR STUDIO... THEY'RE MY COMPANY'S PESTS! YOU GIVE 'EM BACK!


YOU CLEAR OFF TOO!... IF THEY WANT TO TRY AND GET INTO MY COMPANY'S STUDIO, THEY CAN!
THUMP!
OW!

THIS MEANS WAR!..
I'LL TELL THE PRODUCER ABOUT THIS!

SO, IN THE PRODUCER'S OFFICE...
...AND THAT'S MY REPORT ON THE SITUATION, SIR!
TAKING OUR STUDIO PESTS AWAY, EH? I'LL PHONE THE HEAD OF X.Y.Z. TELEVISION LIMITED AND TELL THEM WE'RE AT WAR!

LATER, IN A FIELD...

GRR!

SNARL!

GRR!

HAVE AT THEM, MEN!

CHARGE!

OH, BOY! WHAT A GREAT BATTLE

A TIMES TV COMPANY TURNS UP TO REPORT ON THE WAR...

...AND HERE WE ARE FOLKS, AT THE SCENE OF THE ACTION... LET'S HEAR FROM ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS!

HOW IS THE BATTLE GOING FOR YOUR SIDE, HOPPIT?

WE'VE DESTROYED TWO OF THEIR CAMERAS AND ONE OF THEIR TECHNICIANS IS MISSING ...I'D SAY WE'RE WINNING!

DONK!

AWK!

HOPPIT WAS TALKING NONSENSE...MY SIDE IS WINNING HANDS DOWN!

AT THE END OF THE BATTLE...

IT'S BEEN A GREAT DAY... LET'S GO HOME NOW, KIDS!

BUT THAT EVENING AT HOME...

BAH! THERE ARE NO TV PROGRAMMES TO WATCH BECAUSE THE TWO COMPANIES HAVE DESTROYED ALL THEIR EQUIPMENT!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

I KNOW!

SO, NEXT DAY...

AS THE TV STATIONS ARE OUT OF ACTION WE'RE GOING TO THE *RADIO STATION* FOR SOME D.J. AUTOGRAPHS! *HE! HE!*

TRAITORS!

MIGHTY MOTH

I'M PLAYING AN IMPORTANT GOLF MATCH TODAY SO I'LL NEED THIS MOTH OUT OF THE WAY!

I'LL HAVE SOME PRACTICE WHILE I DO IT!

HMMM! NOT BAD!

SWIPE!

200 YARDS ON...

NOW I'LL CHIP HIM ONTO THE GREEN!

NOW TO PUTT HIM IN!

I'VE HOLED MIGHTY MOTH IN THREE STROKES!

PLOP!

HAR! HAR! WHAT'S IT FEEL LIKE TO BE A GOLF BALL, MIGHTY MOTH?

OW! I WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE THE BALL FOR THE BIG MATCH!

HO! HO! HO! I GAVE DAD A BLACK EYE IN ONE STROKE!

PM

POPEYE

WIMPY HAS NOTICED AN AROMA IN THE AIR...

DELICIOUS AROMA

I'D KNOW THAT WONDERFUL SMELL ANYWHERE!

HAMBURGERS! DELICIOUS HAMBURGERS!

HAMBURGER BAR

ALAS I AM BROKE! WHAT A TRAGEDY!

HAMBURGERS 1/6 EACH

THIS IS TORTURE! THAT MAGNIFICENT AROMA IS DRIVING ME INSANE... SUCH CRUELTY!

1/6 EACH

MEANWHILE...

I'M RUNNING OUT OF PEGS, POPEYE...POP DOWN THE ROAD AND BUY ME AN EXTRA DOZEN!

SO, A LITTLE LATER...

HERE ARE YOUR DOZEN PEGS, POPEYE!

THANKS, SAM!

NAILS ½INCH

NAILS ½ INCH

HOOKS 1 inch

PEGS 1/-a doz.

MINUTES LATER...

THERE'S OLD WIMPY... WHEREVER THERE'S A HAMBURGER YOU CAN BE SURE HE WON'T BE FAR AWAY! ARF! ARF!

SNIFF SNIFF

LEND ME 1/6° AND PUT ME OUT OF MY MISERY, POPEYE ...THAT DELICIOUS AROMA IS DRIVING ME CRAZY!

1/6°, EH?

I CAN PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY FOR 1°!

A PENNY? BUT HOW? HAMBURGERS COST 1/6°!

???

YEAH! BUT **PEGS** ONLY COST A PENNY! ARF! ARF! ARF!

© 1969 King Features Syndicate Inc.

BOOM!

FRANK McDIARMID

Treasure hunt

HERE is a game for two or more players. All you need is a dice for scoring and small coloured counters. The first player to throw six can begin the exciting game to find the treasure.

1

2

3

4 — UNLUCKY NUMBER 4. MISS TWO TURNS.

5

6

7 — LUCKY NUMBER 7. ON TO 13.

8

9 — FIND MESSAGE IN HAND OF OLD COMRADE. ON TO 21.

10

11

12

13

14

15 — TAKE SHORT-CUT DOWN RIVER. ON TO NUMBER 25.

16

17

18

19

20 — ATTACKED BY HOSTILE INDIANS. GO BACK TO NUMBER 3.

21

22

23 — LOST IN SWAMP. GO BACK TO NUMBER 2

24

25

26

27 HOME

J. E. Eldridge